

January
1890

number contains, "Then and Now," a New Year's poem,
"Golden's Love," a narrative of early days.

Arthur Cook

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THE



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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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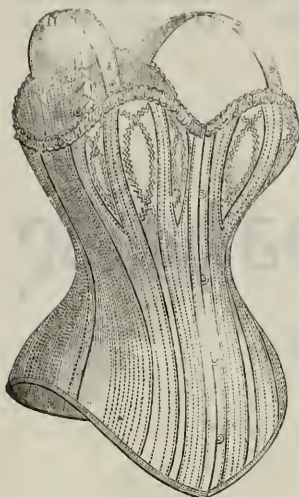
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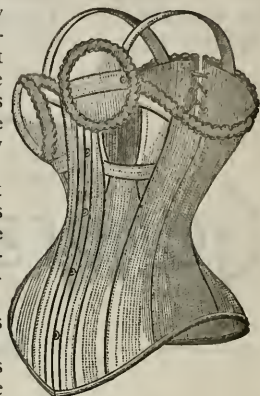
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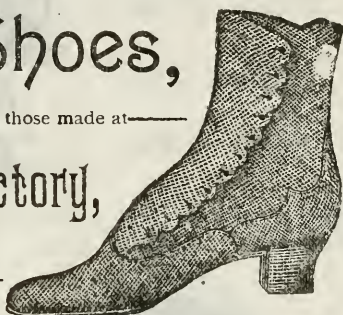
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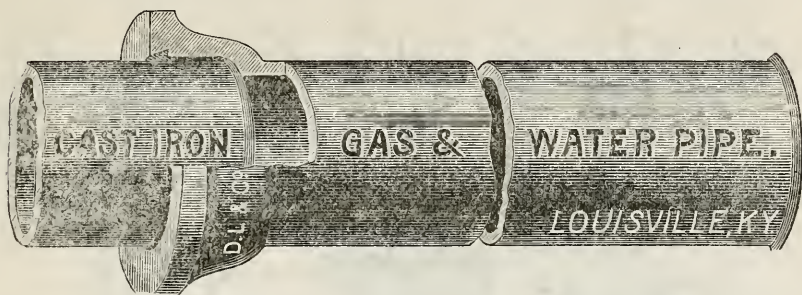
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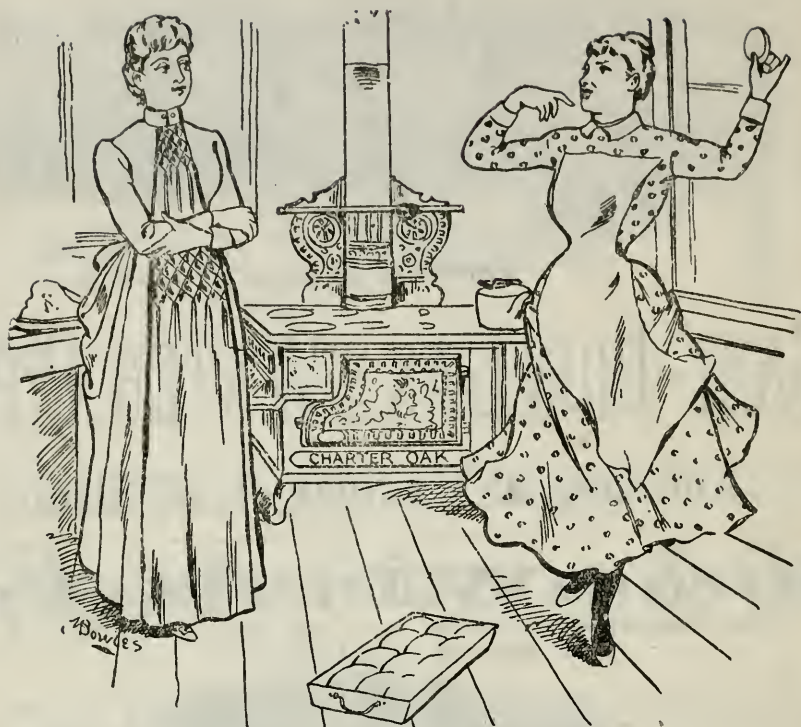
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JANUARY, 1890.

No. 3.

MORONI

A SKETCH OF THE NEPHITE REPUBLIC.

III.

VIOLENCE, civil strife, war, are almost inseparably connected in our minds with revolutions. We remember that Rome was saturated with the blood of her citizens whenever marked changes were sought to be made in her constitution. The terrible conflicts which made up the "Social War" grew out of so slight a revolution as extending the franchises of Roman citizenship to the people of the Italian states; and three-hundred thousand people perished in war before the revolution was accomplished. The cruelty and violence attending that revolution which dethroned and beheaded King Charles I, of England, and made the sturdy Cromwell ruler in his stead, is apt to influence our minds as to the character of revolutions. Or perhaps the French Revolution of the last century rises like a huge spectre smeared with blood, to remind us of the horrors of revolution. In the years between 1789 and 1794, France indeed "got drunk with blood to vomit crime," and dreadful was her saturnalia! One million of her people perished in those five years; and the destruction to property was in some proportion to the destruction of life. How pleasant it is to turn from these violent revolutions, accomplished by brute force and baptized in blood, to one prompted by reason and accomplished in peace! Such is the great Nephite revolution which I am about to describe.

King Mosiah, under whose direction the great Nephite revolution, which changed a monarchy of some four and a half centuries standing into a republic, was one of

the most remarkable of the Nephite kings. Under his righteous reign of thirty-three years the Nephites prospered amazingly. It was an era of peace and of colonization. Large cities and villages were founded north and south, east and west of the great city of Zarahemla, the centre of Nephite civilization and population. Both king and people were industrious; and the priests of the land as well as the king, supported themselves by their own labors. Equality, fraternity, liberty, among the Nephites in Mosiah's reign, were not words merely, as alas! they too frequently are, but they were facts realized and enjoyed by his people. God prospered their labors, and wealth flowed unto them from all the streams of their industry. They were a living testimony that "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

Besides the natural increase in numbers during such a period of peace, a considerable addition was made to the Nephite population by reason of their being joined by a large company of people from the land of Nephi.

It will perhaps be remembered by the reader that I spoke in the last number of the migration of the Nephites from the land of Nephi to Zarahemla, under the leadership of the grandfather of the king whose reign we are now considering. Shortly after their arrival in Zarahemla, early in the fourth century of the Nephite annals, a number of men became anxious to return to the land of Nephi, and repossess their inheritances. They returned under the leadership of one Zeniff, but their fate was unknown to their brethren who remained in Zarahemla. Early in

King Mosiah's reign, however, a company of sixteen men, chosen for their strength and powers of endurance, started out to discover, if possible, what had become of this colony. The leader of the company was one Ammon, a descendant of Zarahemla.

After a journey of forty days, they camped in the borders of the land Nephi, and three of their number going down into the land, were captured by the descendants of the colonists they were seeking. Great was the joy of the descendants of Zeniff when they discovered their prisoners were from Zarahemla and in search of them. Their hands were unloosed, messengers were sent to bring in the rest of Ammon's searching party, and the occasion was made one of public thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God.

The experience of Zeniff's colony had been eventful. Arriving in the land of Nephi, the crafty old king of the Lamanites had permitted them to occupy it, desiring to enjoy the fruits of their industry as fast as it should create wealth. The vigilance, courage and faith of Zeniff and his people during his reign, however, prevented their intended spoliation, and they preserved their possessions and liberties against the repeated assaults of the Lamanites. All this was changed under the reign of his son Noah. A licentious voluptuary, he taxed the people to the extent of one-fifth of their increase, to support the splendor of his court. Dissensions broke out among his people because of the oppression he practiced, which, together with an attack made upon them by the Lamanites in the midst of their civil strife, ended in the overthrow of his government and his own assassination.

His son Limhi succeeded to the throne, but bound by the treaty made with the Lamanites to pay a tribute of one-half their substance, and one-half of their yearly increase to them.

Such was their condition when they were found by the party led by Ammon.

That the condition of semi-bondage of the people of Limhi to the Lamanites was irksome need not be stated. A move-

ment looking to an exodus to Zarahemla was set on foot soon after Ammon's arrival, and it was entirely successful, they reached Zarahemla, and considerably augmented the population of the Nephites within the domain of King Mosiah.

Another event which is inseparably connected with this brief account of the return of this colony from the land of Nephi to Zarahemla, is the founding of the church by one Alma.

In the days of the wicked King Noah, a prophet of God named Abinadi was sent to warn the king and his people of the judgments of God that would surely come upon them for their wickedness unless they repented. Him the priests of Noah took, by the commandment of the king, and cast into prison, and afterwards burned him at the stake. His preaching and warning and suffering, however, were not in vain, for among the priests of Noah was a descendant of Nephi, the Alma above spoken of. Though drawn into the stream of voluptuous wickedness by the general corruption of the times, he deeply repented of his sins at the powerful preaching of Abinadi, and pleaded for that prophet's life when sentenced to the stake, for which he had to flee for his own life. While in concealment, he wrote down the teachings of Abinadi, and also went about privately teaching the people, calling upon them to repent of their sins. As many as obeyed his teachings he baptized into a covenant to serve the Lord, and thus founded a church. Being discovered at last by the spies of King Noah, and accused of stirring up the people to rebellion, he was warned by the Lord of the approach of the king's army to destroy him and his converts and he, with his followers, numbering four hundred and fifty souls, fled into the wilderness.

A journey of eight days brought them into a desirable land and there they founded a city and called it Helam. Subsequently they were brought into bondage by the Lamanites, who ruled them with great cruelty. Finally the Lord delivered them under the leadership of Alma, and directed them to Zarahemla, where King Mosiah gladly received them. Thus another important as well as considerable

addition was made to the population of Mosiah's kingdom.

The records that had been kept by Zeniff's colony, as also the record kept by Alma, King Mosiah had read to his people in public assemblies. The result was that a very general desire was expressed for churches to be founded throughout Zarahemla and the settlements of the Nephites. To this a ready assent was given by the good King Mosiah, and Alma was appointed to perform the labor.

Though there were many local organizations called churches—there were seven such in the city of Zarahemla alone—presided over by local priests, assisted by teachers, yet all these constituted but one grand church, presided over by Alma, who was God's high priest. This revival of religion and the organization of the churches increased the righteousness of Mosiah's kingdom, and the good king had the satisfaction of seeing, toward the close of his reign, an impetus given to the prosperity of his people.

Mosiah was indeed a fortunate monarch; loved, almost revered, by his people, to whose peace and prosperity he had contributed so largely. Rebellion, gaunt, red-eyed and fierce had never raised his horrid front against him. Neither had war with the Lamanites laid waste his lands or depopulated his cities. Mild-eyed peace walked smiling through his domain and scattered plenty with a lavish hand. But who so blessed, whose lot with mortals is cast, that he escapes drinking deep draughts from sorrow's bitter cup! Not King Mosiah, notwithstanding all his righteousness. For his sons, of whom he had four, walked not with him in faith before God; but on the contrary, they, with one of the sons of Alma, whose name was Alma, were numbered among the unbelievers and the enemies of religion.

The son of Alma was a man of high attainments, skillful in controversy, artful in flattery, an orator and a scholar—qualities well calculated to beguile the multitude, which is ever pleased with that which is dazzling—often mistaking a high-sounding phrase for profoundest ar-

gument, insolence for brilliancy, and impertinence and often blasphemy for wit. This man, together with the sons of Mosiah, went about the country perverting the truth and seeking the destruction of the church which his father was laboring so zealously to establish.

Certainly it is not necessary to say that the course of these talented but misguided young men was a source of deep affliction to both the king and high priest. The latter prayed most earnestly for the conversion of his son, that an end might come to the scandal and reproach cast upon the church by reason of his son's waywardness. You shall ever find people ready to judge the value of pulpit precept so rigidly by the test of personal example, that they not only watch narrowly the footsteps of the preacher, but those of his family also, and are ready to shake the head significantly and cast suspicion upon his integrity, his sincerity, and disparage the value of his spiritual labors if, for sooth, but one of his own household walk contrary to his doctrines. The prayer of Alma was heard and answered, for an angel of God appeared unto the young men while they were seeking the destruction of the church, and so remarkable was the demonstration of God's power through that messenger, that it wrought the conversion of Alma, the son of the high priest, and also of the sons of Mosiah who were with him at the time. Furthermore, it happened unto them as it did unto Paul of Tarsus, that they who once persecuted the church became its most zealous servants and advocates.

The sons of Mosiah, not content with undoing the mischief they had done, so far as it was possible to undo it by acknowledging their former wickedness and proclaiming their repentance, desired to perform a mission to the Lamanites to preach the gospel to them and lead them from their darkness into the light of truth. This mission Mosiah at first opposed, but finally gave his consent to their undertaking.

These princes, before departing on their missions, evidently renounced all claims to the throne of their father and devoted themselves entirely to the work of the

ministry; and King Mosiah being anxious in his old age to see some settlement of the government, before his death, sent word throughout the land desiring to know of the people whom they would have for their king. The choice of the people was Aaron, most probably the second son of Mosiah. But Aaron was absent on his mission in the land of Nephi, and had, with his brethren, refused the kingdom, hence the kingdom could not be conferred upon him.

This state of things called forth another communication from Mosiah, in which the good old king related the fact of his son Aaron and all his other sons refusing to accept the kingdom. He also pointed out the danger there would be in appointing another man to be king.

Dear as were his sons to him, the king was not blind to the possibility of their returning to their pride, recalling their rejection of the kingdom, and claiming a right to the throne. In such an event civil war would inevitably follow, for at what time and in what nation was there ever a pretender to a throne, however shadowy his claims, but what he obtained a following? In every nation there are plenty of men whose fortunes are so desperate that they are ever ready to join an adventurer that holds out the slightest promise to them of keeping them afloat, by giving them an opportunity to prosper by the turbulence of the times. That his people might be preserved from civil strife, on the one hand, and that he might preserve his sons from possible destruction on the other, King Mosiah proposed a complete revolution in the government.

In proposing this revolution, he appeared not unmindful of the advantages existing in monarchical government. His admiration of that kind of government carried him so far as to lead him to say that if it were possible for a people always to have just men to be their kings, then it would be expedient forever to have kings to rule over them. But on the other hand he points out how difficult, if not impossible, it is always to have just men for kings; how great a state of wickedness one iniquitous king is capable of plunging a whole nation into, and how

difficult a thing it is to dethrone an unrighteous king by means of his courtiers, his fellows in corruption, who live by his bounty, and feed upon the fruits of his oppression, supporting him in his pride, encouraging him in his ungodly revels, flattering his vanity and driving from his presence prudent counselors. While his complete control of his armies and his enactment and enforcement of laws,* leaves him so strongly entrenched behind powerful barriers that it is next to impossible to dislodge him. That it cannot be done only through the smoke and flame and blood of civil strife is certain.

Because of these disadvantages of kingly governments, Mosiah reached the conclusion, and that very properly, that it was not expedient for the Nephites to have a king at all, and proposed that the administration of the affairs of the government should be entrusted to one chief judge and such inferior judges as might be necessary to effectually and justly administer the laws of the land. The judges, both the chief and inferior ones, being chosen by the people; and, indeed, it was to be a part of the new constitution that all business be done by the voice of the people.

Mosiah pointed out the great value of this principle in government, as being this: that it gave to the people their agency. Many people had been corrupted by the iniquity of their kings; for let but the great and high ones in the estimation of a nation, give a loose rein to base passions, and the multitude are only too ready to ape their pride, their folly and their sin. And because of the people being led into unrighteousness by their kings their iniquities were answered upon the heads of their kings. But in the republic proposed by Mosiah, since the supreme power was to be shifted from the king to the people the responsibility for the justice or injustice of the government was shifted also. And they were told by the good king that if the time ever came that the voice of the people chose iniquity,

*The reader must bear in mind that I speak of absolute monarchies—the only *form* of kingly government known to the ancients—as well among the Nephites as among the Asiatics.

then the judgments of God would be upon them, and their destruction would be sure. He might have added also as another advantage of great value in this principle of government by the people, that where the character of government is shaped by the voice of the people, and its laws administered by men of their own choosing, the sentiment and the influence of the people will be on the side of the law, and in favor of just administration. Whereas, when the law-making power and the execution thereof reside in the king or the aristocracy, then it often happens that the people see their dearest rights invaded and their interest sacrificed by the government that should protect both their rights and their interests. And thus it happens that the laws of kingdoms are often looked upon with an unfriendly eye by the people, and their administration blocked by a variety of expedients generally injurious to the stability of government.

The proposition of Mosiah, including all its responsibilities, was readily accepted by his people, and they rejoiced in the liberty granted them. They assembled in their respective cities and settlements and cast their votes for their judges. At this first election, Alma, the son of Alma, the high priest, was elected chief judge of the new republic, and the revolution was an accomplished fact.

It is difficult to determine with precision the entire character of the new constitution. But from what is written in the Book of Mormon this much may be learned: The chief judge, elected by the people, was the supreme governor of the land and chief executive of the laws.* His oath of office bound him "to judge righteously, and to keep the peace and the freedom of the people, and to grant unto them their sacred privileges to worship the Lord their God; to support and maintain the cause of God all his days, and to bring the wicked to justice, according to their crimes."† A similar oath was doubtless administered to the inferior

judges. To a limited extent also legislative powers were granted to him, but these appear to be confined to framing laws, which were not of force until ratified by the voice of the people.‡ No limit appears to have been set to his term of office, but as the voice of the people placed him in office, the same power could also dismiss him from it; hence we may conclude that he held his position during good behavior.

Just how the inferior judges were graded cannot be ascertained, but that they were graded is evident, since Mosiah, in explaining the character of the constitution of the republic he proposed to his people, says: "And if ye have judges, and they do not judge you according to the law which has been given, ye can cause that they may be judged of a higher judge; if your higher judges do not judge righteous judgments, ye shall cause that a small number of lower judges should be gathered together, and they shall judge your higher judges, according to the voice of the people."* A salutary provision not likely to be rejected when the new government was adopted; but the manner in which the judges were graded is unknown, as well as what number of inferior judges were designated to try the chief judge. But it is quite evident that no man was above the law, but all were subject to it, even the chief judge.

The laws of the land consisted of the law of Moses and the enactments of the Nephite kings, which were to remain operative, except in so far as they interfered with the changes made in the executive and judicial departments of government.

Mosiah died when sixty-three years old, in the five hundred and ninth year of the Nephite annals. The high priest Alma, the father of the chief judge of the new government, had also passed away in his eighty-second year. So that the destiny of the Nephites was left to be directed by other minds, and, to them, under a new form of government. *B. H. Roberts.*

*Mosiah, ch. xxix, and Alma, ch. iv.

†Alma, ch. xlix.

‡Alma, ch. ix.

*Mosiah, ch. xlix.

SALVATION FOR THE DEAD.

BY PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG.

WERE I to enquire of the Latter-day Saints if they are all expecting to enter in the strait gate spoken of by the Savior—if they are all going to inherit eternal lives, every one would answer in the affirmative. I hope they will. It really would rejoice me, were it to be so; but I cannot believe for a moment that every person who receives this Gospel will be prepared to enter in at the strait gate and inherit eternal lives. But there is one fact, and that is undeniable—we cannot alter it, and that is, every man shall be judged according to his works, and every man will receive according to the extent of his capacity.

Every individual among the Latter-day Saints and among all professors of religion, and then among all the heathen upon the earth, will be judged according to their works. Is this all? No. Every individual will also receive according to the extent of his capacity. The inquiry might arise, Are all individuals who receive the new and everlasting covenant, and by their acts submit to it,—are they capable of receiving the glory to be revealed—the crowns of glory, of immortality, and eternal lives? You may answer that question yourselves. Pause a moment.

It is a great blessing, and one of the greatest that can be bestowed upon a mortal being, to receive the sanction of the Almighty, the voice of God to man, saying that he shall inherit eternal lives. The gift of eternal life is the greatest of all gifts that can be bestowed upon mankind.

When we step forth into other communities, or contemplate the past, and view our forefathers, what will be their situation?—what their doom? I can tell you, and you will allow me to judge the matter; not, however, that I am going to judge them and pronounce sentence upon them; but their situation is plain to those who understand.

My father and grandfather—my ancestors were some of the most strict religionists that lived upon the earth. You no doubt can say the same about yours.

Of my mother—she that bore me—I can say, no better woman ever lived in the world than she was. I have the feelings of a son towards her. I should have them—it is right; but I judge the matter pertaining to her from the principles and the spirit of the teachings I received from her.

I have merely mentioned my own parents and their teachings to their children, to bring before your minds the thousands and millions of inhabitants of the earth who have lived and passed off this stage of action, and the millions that are now living, eating, drinking, and busily engaged in the almost endless pursuits of mortal life as we are, every one moving according to his own capacity and according to his own views and notions of things; but they all alike breathe the free air and drink of the free water, and all are before the Lord. I bring up these little items to prepare the way for the question, "What are you going to do with all these inhabitants of the earth?"

I ask you again what are we going to do with father and mother? Are we going to send them to perdition, and there let them welter in awful misery and endless torment? No; we are not going to do any such thing; but we will put them where they belong.

Now, understand, all spirits came from God, and they came pure from His presence, and were put into earthly tabernacles, which were organized for that express purpose; and so the spirit and the body became a living soul. If these souls should live, according to the law of heaven God ordained that they should become temples prepared to inherit all things. I wish you to understand that all spirits are pure when they are put into these tabernacles; but we have not time to explain or set before you the reasons of the variation in appearance in the mortal tabernacles. There are causes for it. Our spirits fill the tabernacles organized for them; the body is a habitation for the spirit to dwell in; and if the spirit and the body both agree in keeping all the laws and all the commandments that the Lord

reveals unto that tabernacle, it never shall be destroyed.

How many shall be preserved? All who do not deny and defy the power and character of the Son of God—all who do not sin against the Holy Ghost. Now, to return again. Here are the spirits which have come and taken possession of the tabernacles prepared; they have entered into their house; and you observe that these habitations of the spirits of men are scattered over the face of the earth, and they have come from the Lord pure in their spirits. These enter their tabernacles and are shut out from his presence and the knowledge of the Lord: they are ignorant, filled with unbelief, exposed to the unholy traditions of the fathers, which they have to grapple with, and all the wickedness that is in the world with which they have to contend.

With your mind's eye look at the millions of them in all nations who are doing according to the best knowledge they possess. What! the Roman Catholics? Yes, and then every one of her daughters down to the latest Protestant Church that has been organized. They are all doing just as well as they can, and living according to the best light they have—a great many of them, though not all. What shall we do with them? They pass from the world, their spirits go into the spiritual world, and their bodies go back to their mother earth, and there sleep, while their spirits are before the Lord.

Are they happy? Every son and daughter of Adam who live according to the best light and knowledge they have, when they go into the spiritual world, are happy in proportion to their faithfulness. For instance, take a view of some of our late reformers; take the best specimen of reformers that we have, who are all the time full of glory and happiness and full of praise to the Lord—who meet together oft to sing and pray and preach and shout and give thanks to the Lord Almighty; and in a great many instances and in a great degree they enjoy much of a good spirit, which is the Spirit of the Lord, or the light of Christ, which lighteth the world.

Now, this may be singular to some.

What! they enjoy the Spirit of the Lord? Yes, every man and woman, according to their faith and the knowledge they have in their possession. They enjoy the goodness of their Father in heaven. Do they receive the Spirit of the Lord? They do, and enjoy the light of it, and walk in it, and rejoice in it.

What will be their state hereafter? Every faithful Methodist that has lived up to and faithfully fulfilled the requirements of his religion, according to the best light he had, doing good to all and evil to none, injuring no person upon the earth, honoring his God as far as he knew, will have as great a heaven as he ever anticipated in the flesh, and far greater. Every Presbyterian, and every Quaker, and every Baptist, and every Roman Catholic member—every reformer, of whatever class or grade, that lives according to the best light they have, and never have had an opportunity of receiving a greater light than the one in their possession, will have and enjoy all they live for.

I am telling you the truth as it is, and you may write it down if you please, and call it revelation if you will. But it has been revealed before I revealed it here to-day. This is the situation of Christendom after death.

You may go among the Pagans, or among all the nations there are, and they have their religion, their sacraments and ceremonies, which are as sacred to them as ours are to us; they are just as precious and dear to them, though we call them heathen. They are idolatrous worshippers; yet their religion is as sacred to them as ours is to us. If they live according to the best light they have in their religion, God is God over all and the Father of us all; we are all the workmanship of His hands; and if they are ignorant, filled with superstition, and have the traditions of the fathers interwoven like a mantle around and over them, that they cannot see any light, so will they be judged; and if they have lived according to what they did possess, so they will receive hereafter.

And will it be glory? you may inquire. Yes. Glory, glory, glory to our merciful Father in heaven; for the least glory is so

great and so exquisite that it is altogether beyond mortal perception.

The glory of the testial world no man knows, except he partakes of it; and yet, in that world they differ in glory as the stars in the firmament differ one from the other. The terrestrial glory is greater still, and the celestial is the greatest of all; that is the glory of God the Father, where our Lord Jesus Christ reigns.

How many glories and kingdoms will there be in eternity? You will see the same variety in eternity as you see in this world. We will take the best men we can find—when they pass through the veil they are in happiness, they are in glory, they go among the disembodied spirits; but they do not go where there are resurrected bodies, for they cannot live there: a Prophet or an Apostle can not live there. They also go into the spiritual world to live with spirits. Do they commune with the Father and Son? The Father communes with them as He pleases, through the means of angels, or otherwise the Son and the Holy Ghost. This is the situation of the Prophet, the Apostle, and all Saints before they receive their resurrected bodies; but they are looking forward to the time when they shall receive their bodies from the dust; and those that have been faithful, probably, will now soon get their resurrected bodies. Abraham has had his body long ago, and dwells with the Father and the Son, among all the Prophets and faithful Saints who received their resurrected bodies immediately after the resurrection of the Savior. They were then prepared to enter into the Father's rest and be crowned with glory and eternal lives; but they were not prepared before.

No spirit of Saint or sinner, of the Prophet or him that kills the Prophet, is prepared for their final state: all pass through the veil from this state and go into the world of spirits; and there they dwell, waiting for their final destiny. It no doubt appears a singular idea to you, that both Saint and sinner go to the same place and dwell together in the same world. You can see the same variety in this world.

What is going to be done with them? By-and-by Zion will be built up; temples are going to be reared; Christ will be obeyed, and He will govern and reign King of nations as He now does King of Saints. Pretty soon you will see temples reared up, and the sons of Jacob will enter into the temples of the Lord.

About the time the temples are ready strangers will be along and will converse with you, and will inquire of you, probably, if you understand the resurrection of the dead. You might say you have heard and read a great deal about it, but you do not properly understand it; and they will then open your minds and tell you the principles of the resurrection of the dead and how to save your friends: they will point out Scriptures in the Old and New Testament, in the Book of Mormon, and other revelations of God, saying, "Don't you recollect reading so and so, that saviours should come up on Mount Zion?" etc., and they will expound the Scriptures to you. You have got your temples ready: now go forth and be baptized for those good people. There are your father and your mother—your ancestors for many generations back—the people that have lived upon the earth since the Priesthood was taken away, thousands and millions of them, who have lived according to the best light and knowledge in their possession. They will expound the Scriptures to you, and open your minds, and teach you of the resurrection of the just and the unjust, of the doctrine of salvation: they will use the keys of the holy Priesthood, and unlock the door of knowledge, to let you look into the palace of truth. You will exclaim, That is all plain; why did I not understand it before? and you will begin to feel your hearts burn within you as they walk and talk with you.

You will enter into the Temple of the Lord and begin to offer up ordinances before the Lord, for your dead. Before this work is finished, a great many of the Elders of Israel in Mount Zion will become pillars in the Temple of God, to go no more out: they will eat and drink and sleep there; and they will often have occasion to say—"Somebody came into

the Temple last night; we did not know who he was, but he was no doubt a brother, and told us a great many things we did not before understand. He gave us the names of a great many of our forefathers that are not on record, and he gave me my true lineage and the names of my forefathers for hundreds of years back. He said to me, You and I are connected in one family: there are the names of your ancestors; take them and write them down and be baptized and confirmed and save such and such ones, and receive of the blessings of the eternal Priesthood for such and such an individual, as you do for yourselves." This is what we are going to do for the inhabitants of the earth.

Suppose we are ready to go into the Temples of God to officiate for our fathers and our grandfathers—for our ancestors, back for hundreds of years, who are all looking to see what their children are doing upon the earth. The Lord says, I have sent the keys of Elijah the Prophet—I have imparted that doctrine to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers. Now, all you children, are you looking to the salvation of your fathers? Are you seeking diligently to redeem them that have died without the Gospel, inasmuch as they sought the Lord to obtain promises for you?—for our fathers did obtain promises that their seed should not be forgotten. O, ye children of the fathers, look at these things. You are to enter into the Temples of the Lord and officiate for your forefathers.

Now, the inquiry on our minds is, Are all the world going to share in these blessings? Yes, all the world. Are there none going to be lost? Are there none going to suffer the wrath of the Almighty? I can say, in the first place, as I have said all my life, where I have been preaching, I never had the spirit to preach hell and damnation to the people. They will suffer, it seems; but I cannot get my heart upon anything else only salvation for the people. All nations are going to share in these blessings; all are incorporated in the redemption of the Savior.

He has tasted death for every man: they are all in His power, and He saves them all, as He says, except the sons of perdition; and the Father has put all the creations upon this earth in his power. The earth itself, and mankind upon it, the brute beasts, the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of heaven, the insects, and every creeping thing, with all things pertaining to this earthly ball—all are in the hands of the Savior, and He has redeemed them all. Who is there that is out of His power? I will tell you, in the first place, He has made man an agent to himself before the Lord, with all the rest that He has ordained, that mankind shall act for themselves, think for themselves, deal for themselves. They can choose the good and forsake the evil, or cleave to the evil and neglect the light and the good, just as they choose.

This will illustrate the idea. You have heard a great deal about having your names written in the Lamb's Book of Life. When we were Christians, according to the common acceptance of the word, we used to preach a great deal about getting our names written in that book. I will tell you how it is. The names of every son and daughter of Adam are already written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Is there ever a time when they will be taken out of it? Yes, when they become sons of perdition, and not till then. Every person has the privilege of retaining it there for ever and ever. If they neglect that privilege, then their names will be erased, and not till then.

I want to have the brethren look at the work that is before us. And woe to them that neglect these things—that read them lightly! Woe to them that live among the world, that love riches, or anything better than they do the Author of our salvation.

Good nature gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.—*Addison*.

LESTER AMSDEN'S LOVE.

1.

"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." This was certainly exemplified in the history of Lester Amstden's love; and although the cynic and the scoffer may scorn the thought that God has anything to do with the loves and hates of man, the careful student understands that our Heavenly Father takes cognizance of our every act and overrules it for our good. Lester Amstden understands this now; but he did not some forty years ago, in the early springtime of his love.

At that time Lester was a young man of twenty. He was the son of a well-to-do Ohio farmer, and had enjoyed all the privileges in the way of education which he desired; and Lester had a liking for learning and books. His father was proud of him, and looked to see his son become a useful, honorable man.

Now, hearts of twenty summers, as every one knows, are very attractive to Cupid's darts. It was the same old story. Verna Chase attended the same high school as did Lester and it was there the fatal arrow hit its mark. It was not Verna's beauty that accomplished this, for she was no beauty in the common meaning of that term; it was her goodness, and as Lester thought, her greatness of heart. Bright and intelligent as she was, her knowledge made her truly wise. The qualities of heart and mind were here mingled in due proportions.

So, in the course of events, Lester and Verna "kept company," and everything predicted the usual ending. But it was not to be. There came a separation, a drifting apart to an end which neither foresaw. It happened in this way: At an evening party in the village, Lester was introduced to a young lady from New York, who was on a visit to some relatives in Ohio. She was a society belle, gifted with a beautiful face, possessed of many graces of her sex which she sometimes used for foolish purposes. That evening Lester received her particular attention, playing on his vanity a little and causing him to lose his better judgment, to the neglect of his partner.

The story cannot be followed through all its details. Enough that Lester was under the influence of a flirt, and simple, unostentatious Verna Chase was slighted. To further this separation something strange happened. Two Mormon missionaries arrived at the village and held meetings. The results of these meetings were that Mr. Chase and his daughter (Mrs. Chase was dead) joined the Mormon faith, and in a short time sold their small possessions and moved westward; where, no one in the locality knew. Lester did not interfere. He did not even visit her and bid her good bye. He was too much occupied with some one else.

A few months, and the summer was gone. The society belle must return home. She left very quietly, keeping out of Lester's way. A few days later, he received a letter from her. In it she thanked him for his kindness in exerting himself so greatly for her pleasure; hoped he would grow up and become a brilliant young man, receive a good education, etc.

The letter opened his eyes considerably. His sensitive nature was touched to the quick. He saw what a dupe he had been, and how he had been deceiving himself with a false infatuation. The reaction brought to Lester's mind a striking contrast; one was a beauty, vain and heartless; the other, not so fair in face, but far more beautiful in all that goes to make the noblest type of woman. Lester's conscience began to trouble him. He had permitted Verna Chase to be deluded by knavish preachers, and leave her home to follow them. He had stood idly by, nor spoken a word in remonstrance; and now that she was gone he could not atone for it. Then Lester tried to reason it all away, but it was no use; Verna Chase was in his mind continually, and he could not resist that pure, steady regard for her which awoke to newness of life and grew brighter and stronger.

About this time Lester's father died. His mother had gone before him years ago, so now he was alone.

A few months passed. A restless desire to find Verna Chase had come over

him. Westward the finger of fate seemed to point, and westward he must go unless he wished to be alone always. So he felt. And he shaped his course to that end, little knowing what the result would be.

II.

In the autumn of 184—Lester Amsden rode out from his native village and turned his face towards the setting sun. He had chosen to travel on horseback rather than by vehicle, as he would be much freer, and be at a better advantage on his journey. He learned that he would have to cross two states besides his own to reach the object of his search. So he bade his friends good bye, telling them that he would not be away long. Lester had confided his secret to no one; it was too sacred for that; within the inmost recesses of his breast the battle had been fought. The convictions of his mind had settled to a fixed purpose, and that purpose was to find Verna Chase, and if possible rectify the mistake he had made.

Lester concluded that the best plan he could adopt was to follow the route taken by Mr. Chase. This he could do by inquiry. The plan worked well; and he had crossed his own state and Indiana without any difficulty. In the latter state he gained some information which troubled him. At a small town, two persons answering his description had stayed a number of days, the young lady having been very ill. She had, however, recovered enough to travel on.

He had not traveled far into the state of Illinois before he heard some very alarming stories concerning the Mormons. Though conflicting in many details, he concluded that the main fact must be true, which was that the Mormons had been driven from the state, across the Mississippi river into the western country beyond. As he neared his destination his conclusion was strengthened by the many evidences which he saw. Frequently he would meet companies of armed men traversing the country. But he had no trouble with them. Once or twice he was stopped, but he gave a satisfactory account of himself and he was permitted

to pass on his way. Lester pondered on this condition of affairs; but he could not account for it. Bad as he thought the Mormons to be he could not convince himself that they deserved to be threatened with armed violence. Of course they had brought this upon themselves by some overt act. This he could not doubt, as in this country freedom of religious belief was granted to all. But Verna Chase was with this people. Deluded, or not deluded, she was yet Verna to him, simple, trusting, and, he had an assurance, faithful still. She might need just such protection and aid as he could give her. Then Lester would reason with himself as he rode along, and his imagination would draw vivid pictures of surging, boisterous mobs threatening her—till he would unconsciously urge his horse to a faster gait.

At last from a small rise in the prairie Lester was shown the "Mormon City,"—Nauvoo, and a few minutes brisk canter brought him to one of its streets. As he rode along the dusty road viewing the well kept gardens and fields on either side, he forgot for the moment that he was in a deserted city. Being weary from his long ride that day he soon drew rein by a house near the roadside. Fastening his horse to the fence, he strode down the path leading to the house. Knocking at the door, he waited; no one answered. He knocked again louder than before; still no response: then he walked around to the back; he saw no one. Being thirsty he tried to get a drink from the well, but the bucket was gone. Everything was still. No usual sounds of busy life were heard. The silence was oppressive. It was all very strange and bewildering to Lester, till it flashed upon his mind that he had entered an abandoned city. "Is every home like this?" he thought. Yes. There they stood on every hand, silent, tenantless. The mill-wheel hung high and dry in the sun. No fire was seen in the smithy, no stroke was heard from the workshop. The inhabitants were gone; but where?

Lester Amsden mounted again, and, riding down the street, neared a portion of the city, which gave some signs of

life. Lester's hope revived. A man came riding up the street towards him, whom he hailed and asked for information concerning a friend of his, by the name of Lawrence Chase. The stranger turned in his saddle and bluntly asked:

"Is he a Mormon?"

"Yes, I believe he is," Lester answered.

"There—" said the stranger, and he stretched out his arm at full length, and, with his bony forefinger, pointed squarely at the sun, which was then sinking in the western horizon, leaving a stream of light across the river. With this significant gesture, he rode on in silence.

As night was now coming on, our traveler sought and found shelter with one of the few remaining citizens of the place. That night was spent in seeking intelligence regarding Mr. Chase and his daughter, but he could gain no clue to their whereabouts. He learned that that part of the state had been in great turmoil lately, and it would be nearly impossible to gain any reliable information about them. The body of the Mormon people had emigrated westward, and in that direction he must search.

The next morning Lester arose early and took a stroll around the town. In his walk he came upon many scenes that touched his heart with no uncertain sympathy.

A number of days were spent in Nauvoo. He then got a boat and crossed the river into Iowa. Here he learned that not all of the Mormons had gone to the west, but that many were scattered over the country in various directions. Following a clue, which proved to be a false one, he wandered from place to place without any success. They must have gone with the westward company, he concluded, and are now likely to be in the Rocky Mountains. It was getting late in the year. Winter's storms would soon sweep over the wild plains and deserts, and it would be impossible to go farther at present. It was with pangs of regret that Lester saw he must wait until the next spring. He had thought to find his heart's desire, his Verna, more easily. Still his resolution did not waver, and he

turned homeward again with a fixed purpose, to settle his affairs and prepare for the expected journey.

III.

The winter passed. Summer came and went. Winter again congealed the outer earth. Still Lester Amsden delayed his journey. He had trouble in disposing of his property, and he could not go penniless. The summer of the second year, from his visit to Nauvoo, was well advanced ere he arrived in the west again. Soon after his arrival he joined a company of hunters and trappers, and set out for the Rockies. On the plains of Nebraska they met a company of Mormons returning for supplies, to the Missouri River; and Lester's first duty was to inquire of them, about the object of his search. The captain of the company was a large, pleasant-faced man, and when he heard Lester's inquiry, he rested his foot on the hub of his wagon wheel and began tapping his fingers on the tire.

"Lawrence Chase? Verna Chase?" he repeated half aloud. "Let me see—are you a relative?"

Lester informed him that he was not.

"An interested friend, perhaps?"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Lester, "you know them, friend, your actions show it. Tell me——"

"Well, now," interrupted the pioneer, "don't be in such haste. I will tell you all I know about them, seeing that you are so much concerned."

Lester thanked him. Here was news at last. His heart quickened its beating.

"Yes," the captain began, "I *am* acquainted with Lawrence Chase, and *was* acquainted with his daughter Verna."

Lester tried to catch the true meaning of the words. There was something mysterious about them, and a terrible suspicion flashed through his mind. The speaker saw the painful emotion, and in a kind tone continued:

"My friend, I did not mean to pain you, but you will wish to know the truth?"

"Yes, of course," in a half dazed manner.

"Your suppositions are, no doubt, correct. Lawrence Chase you will find in the Great Salt Lake Valley. Verna—

has gone to another world—you will find all that is left of her earthly tabernacle about seven miles out on yonder prairie."

Lester's face blanched to a deadly color. His grip fastened to the wagon with a crushing force. The words stunned him, till when the truth he understood, he cried out in the agony of his soul, "Great God, she is dead!"

After a time Lester calmed himself and listened to the particulars of the captain's story. There was no mistake. It was too true that Verna Chase was no more of this earth. All his endeavors had been in vain. His star had set. All was darkness, and his journey would have to end. He asked his informer to direct him to the grave. True to his resolve he would follow her to the last. Receiving full instructions, he was soon galloping over a desolate region of country, and was not long in finding the mound. Dismounting from his horse, he advanced to the grave.

Not a flower, not a shrub, not a spear of grass, not a solitary leaf of green could be seen to break the gray, dismal waste. The sun had done its work; even the earth was baked and cracked. No tree threw its cool shade over her last resting place. No murmuring brook trickled past. No waters were there whose waves might sing her requiem. The gentle breeze had nothing to play upon. The air was full of lone, intense solitude.

Lester stood as one spellbound. He gazed around on the melancholy landscape, and then his eye became fixed on the little mound of soil and pebbles, beneath which slumbered the dust of Verna Chase; and, as he stood, his thoughts went back—back to the first awakening of his love, till he seemed to see her once again and hold communion with her eternal part, which spoke to him in the silent language of God. He had not seen her true worth before. His human eye had been too weak to gaze past the erring mortal into the purer motives of the soul; but now her peerless beauty shone before him. His soul was full. Tears glided down his bronzed cheeks. He did not try

to check them. He was alone and he yielded to the emotion which filled his breast. How long he remained thus, Lester could never tell. At last, when he became conscious of his surroundings, the sun had set behind the western prairie, and the evening shades were fast following in its wake. He turned to go, but lingered. Bending his knee upon that lone grave, he gathered a pebble to keep in memory of the beloved dead.

IV.

Lester Amsden was not a religious man. He had thought but little of the great problems of life. As in the instance of many others, it had taken a grave to turn his mind to the contemplation of God and His providences. Still he had been taught some of the principles of Christianity, in his youth, which had left a faint impression of truth on his mind. In his sorrow, Lester thought of these early teachings and tried to gain some comfort and hope from them. First he tried to form some conception of a God. He was "without body, parts or passions." This he tried to reason out, but failed; then he pondered on existence in a heavenly state, and images of winged beings dwelling in shadowy uncertainty, flitted through his mind. Verna's form came up before him, an angel clad in heavenly garments, and his yearning heart went out to her. If he could but hold her in his arms once and imprint one kiss upon that loving face—but no; the solemn words of the minister rang in his ears like a death knell—"Till death do you part." There was no such love in heaven. That ended at the grave. The preacher had said so; every one thought so; it must be true.

Oh, the utter disappearance of hope in that soul! Oh, the darkness and despair of that mind! The future was a blank; a dark, cheerless uncertainty. Verna Chase was beyond his reach. He must give her up forever. So thought Lester Amsden, and so concluded.

Lester had no inclination to go back to the east; in fact it would have been a hazardous undertaking, as he would have to travel back alone most of the way; so he kept on his western route. He would

try his fortune in the west; and he had a desire to see this peculiar people with whom Verna Chase had once cast her lot.

In due time Salt Lake Valley was reached, and inquiry was made for Lawrence Chase. Lester was soon directed to his residence, where he was most heartily received. Mr. Chase was very pleased to see him, and bade him make his home there as long as he desired.

From Mr. Chase, Lester heard the story of their pilgrimage, from their home in Ohio to the Rocky Mountains; of their embracing the Gospel, their persecutions in Nauvoo, and Verna's death on the plains, caused from exposure and hardships. It was a sad narrative; and the father's eye grew moist as he told of that exodus, which marked the prairie with his people's dead. Lester now learned that Verna had been true to him; in all her varied experiences she had expressed a hope that he would yet come to her. He tried to gain comfort from this; but what consolation could be had by one who thought that death ended all?

Lester was in no hurry to leave the hospitable roof thus offered him. So he stayed, and mingled with the Saints, whom he found a different people from what he had believed them to be. He soon became interested in Mr. Chase's talk and the books he gave him to read. His friend would explain to him the principles of the Gospel, and Lester began to see their beauty and worth.

A little east of the Mormon settlement the Wasatch mountains reared their lofty peaks. Some distance up their slope could be traced a water mark, which plainly indicated the existence, in the past, of a vast inland sea. Not far from Mr. Chase's home this mark widened into a tiny plateau. A little spring had pushed its waters through the mountain side and had found a moment's rest on this level ere it went tumbling on its way. The grass here was of the brightest green; and a cottonwood vied with a birch bush in casting the deepest shade.

To this beautiful retreat Lester would take his books and read and ponder over their truths. From his perch on the mountain side he could see the valley at

his feet, and catch a glimpse of the lake in the distance.

On a warm summer day, Lester Amsden was here lying on the grass; at his side a half-open book. A peep within the covers disclosed the title, "Key to Theology." Lester was in a deep study. His eye rested on the distant western mountain, but his mind went farther, higher. There was a new light in his eyes, as in truth there was in his soul. The dark cloud of doubt and despair was lifting and he could see the bright blue sky beyond. Oh, the glad awakening of that hope which had been crushed, as now with bright wings it was again arising, awakened by the teachings of God's servants; and the future which before had been dark and dismal, was now flooded with a light that dazed him, as he gazed. These teachings promised him eternal life in the world to come, surrounded by loved ones, if he would comply with the ordinances of the Gospel. Not that vague uncertainty promised by the world, but something real and tangible. In that celestial world man would be perfected; there, his every faculty would be developed and cultivated to the highest degree. The emotions and affections which exist in mortal man, will surely exist in the celestial being; and if a love was pure and noble here, surely it will not be lost but will be quickened by a heavenly flame and become stronger, nobler.

Then, Verna was not lost to him! She might be his, even yet!

The thought surged through his brain, and with fevered haste he sought out his friend to confirm his hope, the new hope which had taken possession of him.

That night, for the first time in many years, Lester Amsden kneeled by his bed side and prayed; and in his simple way, thanked his Heavenly Father for the arisen sun, for the light that had dawned upon his soul. Next morning he was baptized in the river, and the Holy Spirit sealed upon him the truth of what he had believed to be true.

Some years after Verna Chase was married to Lester Amsden; startle not kind reader, if, as was the case, a world separated the bride and the bridegroom;

for it was solemnized by one who had the authority from God, and whatever he sealed on earth was sealed in heaven.

Nephi Anderson.

HOME.—Dr. Talmage pays the following tender tribute to an ever welcome theme: "Home! It is a charm word. Through that one syllable thrill untold melodies, the laughter of children, the sound of well-known footsteps and the voices of undying affection. Home! I hear in that word the ripple of meadow brooks in which, knee-deep, we waded; the lowing of cattle coming up from the pasture, the sharp hiss of the scythe amid thick grass, the creaking of the hay-rack where we trampled down the load. Home! Upon that word there drop the sunshine of boyhood, and the shadow of tender sorrows and the reflection of ten thousand fond memories. Home!

"When I see it in book or newspaper that word seems to rise and sparkle and leap and thrill and whisper and chant and pray and weep. It glitters like a shield. It springs up like a fountain. It thrills like a song. It twinkles like a star. It leaps like a flame. It grows like a sunset. It sings like an angel. And if some lexi-

cographer, urged on by a spirit from beneath, should seek to cast out that word from the language, the children would come forth and hide it under garlands of wild flowers, and the wealthy would come forth to cover it up with their diamonds and pearls, and the kings would hide it under their crowns, and after Herod had haunted its life from Bethlehem to Egypt, and utterly given up the search, some bright, warm day it would flash from among the gems, and breathe from among flowers, and toss among coronets, and the world would read it bright and fair and beautiful and resonant as before. Home! Home! Home!"

No good impulse, no generous emotion, no heartfelt desire to do right is ever lost. We are better than if we had not had it. But in proportion as it is deep it will not be transient. The memory of such moments will be with us, to strengthen and renew our courage. They are opportunities for good which should count among our richest treasures. No one can tell how much he owes to them, nor need he be discouraged if they do not seem to be such powerful factors in his life as he would desire.

TWO GREAT FIRES.

THE two great fires which lately visited the United States destroyed over ten millions of property. On Tuesday, Nov. 26th, the business part of Lynn, the great shoe city of Massachusetts, was destroyed. The conflagration was not only the greatest in the history of Lynn, which was visited by a similar disaster in 1871, but one of the greatest of our time. In the extent of territory devastated and in the amount of property destroyed, it ranks with the great fires of Chicago and Boston. It is estimated that fifty acres were laid bare by the flames. An apparently accurate account gives the following as the number of buildings destroyed: One hundred and forty-two dwellings; one hundred and twelve wooden stores and factories, and forty-two brick struc-

tures. About ten thousand operatives were thrown out of employment, one hundred and sixty-two families became homeless, and the money loss was estimated to be in the neighborhood of five million dollars. Many of the buildings destroyed are large shoe factories, the fire having originated in one of them, which was situated in the very heart of the city, and in the immediate neighborhood of other like establishments. Besides the factories, the fire swept out of existence dwellings, brick and wooden business blocks.

The fire began about noon, and lasted until after nine o'clock in the evening. It originated in a shoe factory which was situated within a short distance of the railroad station. Its progress was hasten-

ed by a strong southwest wind but especially by the character of the material on which it fed. Most of the factories and business buildings were of wood, fire-traps of the worst character, and the people of Lynn and the insurance companies have long feared the catastrophe which has overtaken the city.

Lynn is one of the oldest towns in Massachusetts. Its history began about the time of the coming of the Puritans, when a few stray members of the Plymouth colony made their way to the woods and coast that were to be known as Salem, Marblehead, and Beverly, after the landing of Winthrop and his companions. The business of making shoes was begun there long ago. At first it was conducted in small shops, in which three or four shoemakers co-operated. The trade was confined chiefly to the manufacture of women's shoes, but the business grew rapidly, large factories sprang up, the town became the centre of the shoe trade of the country, and was known the world over as the shoe city. Kindred trades followed, and in the list of business houses burned out, will be found factories of heels, shoe-strings, counters, leather tops, patterns, soles, and box toes. As the business grew, so grew the city. If its population has increased during the decade drawing to a close as it did from 1870 to 1880, it must now be in the neighborhood of fifty millions.

The work of the fire was so complete that from the burned railroad station Lynn looks like a city that has been destroyed. Nearly every building within sight from a train approaching from Boston is gone. It will be many months before the principal business of the place can be resumed, and it will be a hard winter for the thousands of operatives who have been thrown out of employment, and for their families. Most of the inhabitants are New Englanders, and are full of characteristic New England energy. Already plans for rebuilding the factories are under consideration, and there is no doubt Lynn will rise from her ashes as rapidly as new structures can be erected. There is no doubt, either, that the city

will be handsomer and very much safer than it was before this disaster came upon it. The newspapers whose offices were destroyed obtained temporary quarters at once, and one of them issued an extra edition while the fire was raging.

On Thanksgiving Day Boston suffered from a fire in one of its finest business sections. It was seventeen years ago, almost to the day when the same locality suffered from a devastating fire. It had been rebuilt with great care and there was no fear of the destroying elements, as the great stone structures were considered fire proof. The Boston newspapers proclaimed on the very morning that the fire occurred that such a disaster as had visited Lynn was impossible in Boston; that the city, taught by two successive years of conflagration, 1872 and 1873, had taken such precautions that a great fire was impossible. And yet the great fire came and had its way before the ink on the self-laudatory editorials was dry. What saved Boston from a destruction as extensive as that of seventeen years ago was its magnificent water supply and its efficient fire department. The fire was discovered by a letter carrier at 8 o'clock a. m., but before the prompt firemen had laid their hose the flames were beyond control. One of the noblest business structures in the world, built of red sandstone, owned by F. L. Ames, went to ruin as if it were tinder.

The buildings that were destroyed were among the most substantial in the country. They were products of Boston's former sad experience; but granite, free-stone, marble, iron, and brick went down before the terrible element as if they had been wood. The granite bursted and melted. Its particles were thrown with such violence that they wounded the firemen and the spectators. It is said, in one of the Boston newspaper reports, that Chief Webber's face was so disfigured by the hot fragments of granite that it looked as though it were pitted by small-pox. By the falling of some of the buildings some engines and trucks were totally destroyed, and four firemen are missing. The total loss will probably be between four and five million dollars.

INSECTS' FEET.

ON a former occasion we examined the foot of the house fly, and found it to be of strange and wonderful structure. The stout joints, the expanded discs at the end, the long claws, and the short bristles will all be remembered. Such is a fair example of the padded feet of insects in general, though each individual shows some special characteristics.

The walking limbs of insects usually consist each of five divisions—the *coxa* or hip; the *trochanter*; the *femur* or thigh; the *tibia* or shank, and the *tarsus* or foot. The last named part is generally made up of a number of joints. It is mostly the feet to which we propose to turn our attention now.

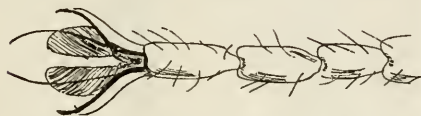


Fig. 1.

Figure 1 shows the foot of an insect with a very unsavory name—the common dung fly; so called from its habit of frequenting stables and cattle pastures. It deposits its eggs in the refuse matter with which such places usually abound; and by the warmth of decomposition, the larvæ are speedily hatched. The adult fly is of a yellow color, somewhat larger than the house fly; it has a spherical head, and a covering of stiff bristles over the body. In examining the foot, note the regularly arranged joints, and the long, curved claws, between which are a couple of beautiful pads. Two fine bristles are attached to the last joint, and extend beyond the extremities of the pads.



Fig. 2.

As a surprisingly beautiful example of a padded foot, (figure 2) let us examine the limb of a tiny creature, which lives as a parasite, or sort of flea, on the body of the Dor Beetle. By means of its wide pad, and efficient claws, this parasitic pest retains its position, in spite of the most vigorous protests of its tormented host. It is said that the beetle, when so afflicted, usually seeks an ant hill, and remains by it while

3*

the ants crawl over its body, and finally carry off its tiny tormentors.

In Figure 3 is shown, in a greatly magnified form, the foot of one of the numerous ichneumon flies. These insects are parasites during the early stages of their growth; that is to say, they



Fig. 3.

live in or upon the bodies of other creatures. The adult female ichneumon fly, when desirous of depositing her eggs, seeks a big, fat caterpillar; and, having found such, she pounces upon its back, and then begins the cruel and very unlady-like operation, of boring a hole through the skin of her victim, in which she finally places her eggs. Under such treatment as this, the caterpillar writhes and squirms with vigor, but the fly is usually able to keep her position by the aid of a set of powerful feet, one of which is shown in the sketch. The foot is provided with very stout claws, and a thick, hairy fringe. The eggs are placed in the fatty tissue, just beneath the caterpillar's skin, and there they hatch. The young larvæ feed upon this fat—literally, upon the fat of the land; and, in consequence of such good living, they grow very rapidly. Their instinct teaches them not to attack any vital part of the poor caterpillar's body, else the creature would be speedily killed. A caterpillar, so afflicted, lives a sorry life indeed, though, to an observer, it appears plump and well-to-do; for, as fast as its own fat is devoured, the contained larvæ grow, and so add to its bulk. After a time, the ichneumon larvæ bursts through the skin of their

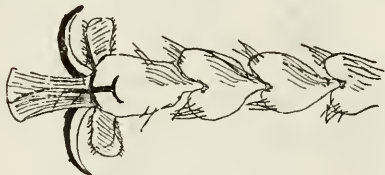


Fig. 4.

host, and spin their tiny cocoons, and the stricken caterpillar soon thereafter dies.

The hornet Fly is an insect known to most of us. In shape, color, and size it

is very like a true hornet, though not provided with the powerful sting of its savage name-sake. It is, however, very predaceous in its habits, and wages an incessant warfare on insects weaker than itself. Figure 4 represents a portion of the hornet fly's foot, with its stout joints, strong claws, and three large pads. The fly uses its feet for holding its captured prey, as well as for walking.

Here (figure 5) is a foot of the *Tipula*, an interesting member of the "daddy-long-legs," family. This whole page would not be wide enough to admit of a sketch of the entire leg, if made on the same scale as that of the foot. Observe the notched claws and the comparatively long pad. A still higher power of the microscope would reveal a number of hair-like outgrowths, each tipped with an expanded disc.



Fig. 5.

The ant furnishes us another good example of a foot-pad. Here is a sketch of the lower part of an ant's limb (figure 6). The stout, upper joints, the hairy fringes, the curved claws, and the beautifully marked pad, cannot fail to attract our notice. But not all insects' feet are padded. Let us capture a common field cricket, and examine its foot (figure 7). It is a formidable appendage—rough, hairy, and strong; provided with long, sharp claws, and a number of spurs projecting from the upper points. Crickets are a quarrelsome family, and they use their feet as weapons. It



Fig. 6.

is seldom that two or more crickets can be kept confined together for even a short time without an exhibition of their murderous dislike toward one another.

Figure 8 is an interesting sketch. It is taken from the leg of a curious insect known as the Water Boatman; the name being due to its habit of swimming through the water on its back, with its

legs in such a position as to closely resemble a miniature boat with its oars. The leg is provided with hairy fringes, by which a larger surface is made to strike the water; and, as the limb is drawn into position for the next stroke, the fringes collapse, thus operating much as a skillful boatman does in feathering the oar. Our next object (figure 9) represents the foot of a remarkable little soft-skinned beetle, commonly known as the Glow Worm. It may frequently be found on summer evenings, emitting its pale, phosphorescent light from amongst the damp grass of meadows. At first



Fig. 7.

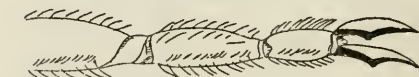


Fig. 8.

sight the little creature appears more like a maggot than a beetle; but a closer examination will reveal its true character.

The female glow worm emits a much more

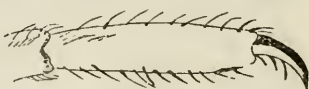


Fig. 9.

powerful light than her mate; in fact, the lamps of the male seem little more than mere points of light. The little torch bearer becomes easily frightened if handled; and, under such circumstances, the light is greatly diminished, or even entirely stopped.



Fig. 10.

In the beetle family a diversity of feet may easily be found. In figure 10 is shown the foot of a beetle, possessing but a single claw. The insect from which

this preparation was made, was taken in Pennsylvania.

Here, however, (figure 11) is a much



Fig. 11.

finer specimen; it is the foot of one of our large water beetles, the *Dytiscus*. The upper tarsal joint is very large, in comparison with the rest of the foot; it is expanded into a plate-like form, and is provided with a number of suction discs, one of which is usually much larger than the others, and possesses a fringe of radiating hairs. This is shown more highly magnified at A. Frequently a second, and occasionally a third, large disc may be found on a single foot. There are also a multitude of tiny tubes, each with a disc at the end; and, altogether, such a foot is among the most interesting and wonderful of this class of objects.

Most readers are acquainted with the Aphides or plant-lice, which at times are found so destructively abundant on fruit trees and flower shrubs. Rose bushes are sometimes covered completely with these tiny insects, hundreds of them finding place on a single leaf. They are of many colors; green is a common tint, though brown and black are not infrequent. The entire insect is not larger than a mustard seed. Figure 12 represents the magnified foot of such a creature. The long, slender limb, and the fine claws, appear so beautiful under the microscope, that one almost forgets the destructive nature of the owner. Aphides are particularly interesting, from the fact



Fig. 12.

that they secrete the sweet juice, known as honey-dew, upon which the ants delight so much to feed. It is said that ants frequently carry aphides to their nests, and there keep them, for the sake of the honey-dew, showing as great care as a herdsman bestows on his cows.

The Horse Fly is another familiar insect, and one that possesses but few agreeable qualities to recommend it to the consideration of anybody but an entomologist. Horse flies are very numer-



Fig. 13.

ous; they will settle on the body of a horse, and by the aid of their sharp beaks, readily penetrate the skin of these ordinarily patient quadrupeds; and they retain a hold by means of their strong limbs and sharp, hooked claws, in spite of the most frantic efforts by the horse to effect their dislodgment. Figure 13 will serve to convey an idea of a horse fly's leg.

Here is a sketch of a foot taken from the dreaded Sheep Tick (figure 14). The name is hardly a proper one; for the creature designated by it, is a true insect and does not belong to the "ticks" at

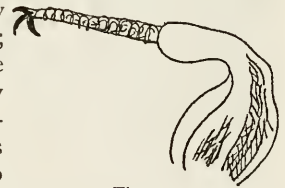


Fig. 14.

all. But it is no less troublesome. It is, as its name indicates, a parasite on the bodies of sheep; and by the aid of its powerful legs, and triple hooked claws, it clings secure to the woolly skin of its host. In some of its aspects, the sheep tick looks not unlike a spider; and French naturalists speak of it as the "spider fly."

By way of conclusion, let us examine figure 15—a sketch from the foot of the festive flea. The entire body of this creature is well worth an attentive study. Under the microscope, the flea appears like a mail-clad warrior awaiting the bat-

tle. Its body is covered with hard, shining plates, tougher than horn, and these are provided with stout bristles.



Fig. 15.

The hind legs are enormously developed; and by their help, the flea is able to accomplish its wonderful leaps.

And so it is, here as elsewhere, the same lesson awaits the earnest student of Nature's purposes—each organism is best fitted for its intended purpose. Even in the study of insects' feet, we find, mingled with a great variety of form, a greater diversity of beauty and a seemingly perfect adaptation of parts.

J. E. Talmage.

SHALL HE GO TO COLLEGE?

UNDER this head the editor of the New York *Sun* gives some good advice to a young man who had asked the important question:

"Is a college education necessary to, or would it pay, a young man having a high school education, and who intends to pursue a business career?"

No, we do not consider it necessary, and it would not pay in a pecuniary sense. Very likely our young friend would make more money if he gave to business the four years which he would have to spend at college. In that time, usually extending from the seventeenth or eighteenth to the twenty-first or twenty-second year of a young man's life, he can serve an apprenticeship to a trade or make himself acquainted with the methods of business. This preliminary training for affairs he must get at some time, whether he goes to college or not, and a collegiate education is not likely to abbreviate the period requisite for it. He will only begin the work of preparation when he is older and perhaps less pliable if he spends four years at college. Even if he decides after his graduation to undertake a professional career, three or four more years of study will be required of him, for the ordinary collegiate course merely lays the foundation for subsequent special training. It

does not of itself fit him for any gainful occupation.

So far as business is concerned, after graduation from college he is just where he was after leaving the high school; the college, in the sense in which our correspondent speaks of it, being nothing more than a higher school. He will learn more mathematics, more chemistry and physics, more of literature, and get some knowledge of Latin and Greek. None of this is necessary for a business career. Desirable as they all may be generally, he can get along without them, and the time expended in acquiring them may be without practical compensation for him. If Mr. Jay Gould and Mr. William Rockefeller had received a college education they would be no richer than they are now, probably they would not be so rich. The great mass of successful men of business secured the training which laid the foundations of their fortunes during the years required for a collegiate education, and they got it in actual contact with affairs. Many of them are deficient with respect to what is taught in schools, and yet for that reason they may be all the more proficient in what business demands of them.

Yet we would not have our young friend suppose that we underrate the advantages of the four years' study at a college, if it be a good college, worthy of the name. There is something even more valuable than money, and it is the best and fullest use and development of a man's powers. It is knowledge, self-improvement, the cultivation of the mind and heart, and the well-rounded training and exercise of the faculties. Other things being equal, if a man wishes a thorough education he must begin by going through a college course, though it is true that many of the best educated minds have never received a collegiate or university training. But they have spent in study the time such a course would require. Nor is it an invariable rule, by any means, that a man is delayed in his business career by going to college. There is no banker in the union of greater business and financial genius than Mr. Pierpont Morgan. His career has been an un-

interrupted success, and yet he passed from the Boston high school to the University of Göttingen, though he was only twenty when, in 1857, he became a clerk in a New York banking house. But it must be remembered that Mr. Morgan is the son of a rich father, Mr. Junius Spencer Morgan, and that he started in life with opportunities which even his rare business genius might never have created.

This brings us to the main point. Whether to go or not to go to college is a question which a young man must decide according to his circumstances and his intentions for the future. If he is poor and has his living to make, if he intends to pursue business or a trade, if he has no taste or aptitude for study, and he has no time to spare for the luxury of further schooling, it may be more prudent for him to get the practical training outside of a college and in the occupa-

tion he would pursue. But if he has the money and can spare the time for a collegiate education, or if he proposes to learn a profession, the additional years of study are desirable for him. It is a practical question.

The trouble in this country is that we have too many colleges, and many young men are induced to attend them who might better be devoting the years to preparation for employments for which a collegiate education is not necessary or even desirable, and for which alone their aptitudes and capacities fit them. Most of these institutions, too, are merely high schools. They do not make educated men. But if a young man is determined to educate himself, and, no matter how poor, is ready to fight for the acquirement, depending on his own energies, let him go to college, choosing the best institution he can find.

TIME—PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

TIME, whether as a period of human existence, or, as relates to the existence of worlds, by the revolutions of which it is measured, is a portion of that eternity to which all humanity is hastening, and on which all hopes are centered. To all things there is a time allotted, a period of duration suited to the end and purpose of their creation.

For adaptability to the human mind, and a more ready application to things around him, time is reckoned to man by days, weeks, months and years; these appropriate divisions are not alone recognized by the creator of temporal things, but they conform in their revolutions, in their times and in their seasons, to the relation they sustain to all else of the same order to which they belong. The earth, which is the dwelling place of man, revolves on its axis so rapidly that no portion of it is long deprived of the light and heat which it receives from other planets, and which is necessary to the production of that which is required to sustain the animal life upon it. The whole beautiful economy is directly and

indirectly for the sustenance and benefit of man.

This revolution of our planet giving us day and night; or, as otherwise expressed, "morning and evening," which constitute one day, is so brief, that it requires one thousand of them to be equal to one day, or one revolution of the planet on which the Creator of this resides. This fact makes plain to our understanding how it is that with the Lord one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord spoke of his own time when he said to man, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." The reckoning of time to man by days, weeks, months and years, is because of, and is entirely suited to, the world and its requirements on which he has found a home.

But there are other terms used, more extended in their application, with which we may consider the history and experiences of life and worlds. The past, present and future include all there is of time or duration that relates to a life before, the present, and the hereafter; both to

time and eternity; to both a telestial and a celestial world. The relation of the past to the present, and the present to the future, cannot be too carefully considered by the youth of Zion. The acts which constitute the footprints of life, make an impress never to be obliterated.

Of the past we may say it has gone into history, and is not dead. Of nations and of individuals a record has been made that will outlive the present, that will witness of the past to the remotest future. Here let me ask every reader of this—What has been the past with you? Have you learned a lesson from the experience of others in the past which has been profitable to you, and have you improved upon that experience? Is your life better to-day than was theirs?—better to-day than it has been in the past? The past cannot be recalled; the present is the time to improve; the experiences of your life to-day may be looked to as a guide by some of life's wanderers in the future. The results of the past appear in ourselves; and, as the past has made us what we are, so will the experiences of this world mould and shape our character for the next, and we will appear there with the good and evil traits with which those experiences have endowed us.

The present is yours, use it so that no evil can result to another by following your example; so that its record shall witness that you have ever loved and lived the right, and abhorred the wrong. Let the inspiration that prompts an act be that of love to God, and good will to man, that heaven may approve and humanity commend. Build to-day for to-morrow. Lay the foundation deep and broad, so that no storm or power can accomplish your overthrow. Now is the day of our probation; we live for the future, and we should learn what that future is, to be able to prepare for the destiny that links us to a condition of happiness, or of misery.

The law of progression demands that intelligent beings, in a present or intermediate state, shall have sufficient knowledge of a future estate, and its desirable conditions, to create a faith and inspire hope in man, that will induce him to

earnestly strive to obtain the fullest possible development therein. To those who accept now, in this time, the Gospel plan of salvation, the Holy Ghost is given for this purpose. It will not only bring things of the past to our remembrance, but it shall show us things to come; and no one need be left without a witness of the heavenly future. Thus means are prepared in God's economy to meet all desirable ends.

To all the readers of this there is a future. To some it may be radiant with hope and joyful anticipation; to others, full of doubts and fears. But it must be encountered, however doubtful may be our desires, or inspiring our hopes; and, in the present, at the beginning of a new year, each one may with great propriety and strict regard for duty, inquire, "What shall that future be?" Now, to-day, while the present is with us, is the time to determine this great question.

Once wisely determined, hang out the beacon light that shall lead to the desired goal of endless life, liberty and happiness in unison with the eternal powers of faith, hope and charity. These constitute a staff on which you may lean with entire safety. They will endure to the end, and be your sure passport to an endless day, where time is not reckoned by the rising and setting of a sun, but where the glory of His presence admits of no darkness or night. The verity of laws by which are determined the rules and rights of human life; the certainty of death, of the resurrection, of judgment, of a life beyond, and what that life shall be, may be accepted as land-marks along the journey of life, a sure guide to the immortals who dwell beyond the days and years of time. It is in the eternal future that rewards and punishments are sure to follow, for good and evil doings. So sure as there is a principle, or God of justice, the acts and works of this probation will determine the merited recompense.

Of the future, none need be entirely ignorant. The very fact that we are here on probation, implies there must be final results to life's experiences. Watchfulness and diligence are necessary, lest those results should prove inglorious.

Renewed determinations will inspire hope, and hope is capable of arousing the energies of the soul to glorious deeds that may command the attention of both men on earth, and angels and God in heaven. Things that are of heaven and desirable, are holy; they are not forced upon the worldly-minded, but are placed within the reach of all—are God's free gifts; all who seek may find, those who ask may receive. It is just as reasonable and consistent to obtain knowledge of, and from, the future world by messengers sent therefrom, and a spirit to confirm, as it is to obtain knowledge of the past, from its history, confirmed by record of those who shared its realities.

Let 1890 be the year of our Lord to

witness the development of your powers in love to God and good will to man, and every succeeding year be one of constant progress in all that can prepare the soul for immortality. As the Savior said of his mission to earth when his labor was done, "It is finished," so may all who are made partakers of this life, some day make like exclamation; and to the earth itself, the time will come when the trumpet sound, to be heard by all living, shall be: "Time was, and is, but time shall be no longer."

Samuel W. Richards.

Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine.

MOORE'S MASTERPIECE.

I.

THOMAS MOORE was probably one of the lightest of the great poets, and yet, as Lord Russell, in his "Memoirs of Moore" says, "The world, so long as it can be moved by sympathy and exalted by fancy, will not willingly let die, the tender strains and pathetic fires of a true poet." Even the business proclivities of our practical age will not permit the sound of the harp to drown or the fires of poesy to quench. So in our day we still remember Moore, and pay high prices to first-class singers to hear his melodies. The busiest money-maker will stop to hear "The Last Rose of Summer," "My Gentle Harp," "Go Where Glory Waits Thee," and many others that have become household names. Do we not remember having listened to grandmother sing, "Sound the Loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's Dark Sea," and "O, Thou Who Dry'st the Mourner's Tear," and how each time Moore, the poet of love and light song, came to the memory? It is not the purpose here to give a sketch of his life. Suffice it to say he was an easy-going, merry man, not without a pleasant humor, so characteristic of the sons of Erin. Born in Dublin, May 28th, 1780, amid

sounds of song and revelry and wit, he kept it going in that fashion nearly all his life. He felt the heavenly art in his soul, and his charming "Irish Melodies," he himself once said, sprang from his deep feeling for music. In these one hundred and twenty-five pieces, which were given to the world during a period of nearly thirty years, and afterwards collected, forming that wonderful treasury of lyrics, "he unbound his country's harp from the chains of its dark, cold, silent slumber, and gave all its chords to light, freedom and song."

In his "National Airs," which number about seventy, he has sounded the chord that pleases all ears. "Those Evening Bells," "Hark! the Vesper Hymn is Stealing," and many of the others are sung to airs familiar to everybody. His "Ballads and Songs" number over one hundred; and, besides these, he wrote "Legendary Ballads," "Poems Relating to America," "Evenings in Greece," "Sacred Songs," and "Juvenile Poems." His only two poems of any considerable length are "The Loves of the Angels," a poem received very unfavorably in his time, and not cared for at the present day; and "Lalla Rookh," the latter being his masterpiece. It is an oriental story, which all the critics

and oriental travelers agreed was perfect in historical correctness, and unsurpassed in the beauty of its scenic descriptions; and this notwithstanding Moore had never been a resident of India. Jeffrey, who had formerly criticised Moore very severely, speaking of this poem, acknowledged in the *Edinburgh Review*, that "there are passages, indeed, and these neither few nor brief, over which the very genius of poetry seems to have breathed his richest enchantment—where the melody of the verse and the beauty of the images conspire so harmoniously with the force and tenderness of the emotion, that the whole is blended into one deep and bright stream of sweetness and feeling, along which the spirit of the reader is borne passively away through long reaches of delight."

He worked at "Lalla Rookh" for two years, beginning in 1815 and completing his task in 1817. Before he began the poem, he had fallen into political disfavor, owing to his fidelity to the Catholic party; and his friend, Lord Moira, when appointed to the governor-generalship of India, could do nothing further for him, so Moore settled down to work out his own independence. Lyric after lyric passed from his hands, and finally a publishing firm, The Longmans, made an offer to him for a long poem. They offered him three thousand guineas, the largest price that had ever been given in those days for such a work. So Moore went to work on his unknown poem, with a known price for it before him. It proved to be a good investment for the Longmans; for "Lalla Rookh" went through seven editions within a year, found its way through the world, was upon everybody's tongue and in all hands, and was translated into every language. Of Moore's subsequent independent career, his writings in prose, his happy domestic life, and finally his sorrows at the death of his mother, his sons and his sister, his failure of memory, health and spirits, and at last his death, February 26th, 1852, it is not the purpose in this article to speak. It is to something in "Lalla Rookh" that the attention of the reader is called. The scheme is

laid in this way: In the reign of a certain dignitary, Abdalla, King of Lesser Bucharía, set out on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the prophet. Passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, he rested for a short time at Delhi, on his way. During this stay, a marriage was agreed upon between his son, the prince, and the youngest daughter of the emperor, Lalla Rookh, a beautiful princess, whose name, it might as well here be stated, means tulip cheek. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere, where the young king was to meet his lovely bride, and after a few months' repose in that beautiful valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharía. Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. She had all manner of attendance. Among the many others she had a young poet, of Cashmere, who had been permitted to attend the pageant, that he might beguile away the tedious hours of the journey. His name was Feramorz. For the purpose of relieving the pauses of his recitation by music, this young and handsome Cashmerian held in his hands a guitar—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the west used to listen to by moonlight, in the gardens of the Alhambra.

Now, the poem "Lalla Rookh" is composed of four pieces, which Feramorz recited on different occasions, during the journey; the first being "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan;" next, "Paradise and the Peri;" then "The Fire Worshipers;" and, lastly, "The Light of the Harem." Between these pieces the company are doomed to listen to the criticisms of Fadladeen, an important person of the pageant, on the scale that janitors and church deacons and understriplings are important persons. His political principles are worth repeating, for there are so many in our day who are governed by them. They were, in short, founded on that line of Sadi—"Should the prince at noonday say, 'It is night,' declare that you behold the moon and stars."

Resting one evening, in the cool fragrance of a delicious spot called the

Small Valley of Gardens, where every precious flower was to be found that poetry, or love, or religion had ever consecrated, Lalla Rookh remarked she could fancy it the abode of those beautiful creations of the air, the Peris, to whom a place like that might make some amends for the paradise they had lost

through sin. Hearing this remark, the poet said he remembered a story of a Peri which, with permission, he would relate. Thus we are introduced to the cream of the cream of what Thomas Moore ever wrote in poetry, "Paradise and the Peri."

Heinrich Bernz.

GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY AND PROVIDENCE.

THE first instance that will be cited is the providential escape of a company of Saints from their foes at Fishing River in Missouri. The Saints there having suffered great afflictions at the hands of their enemies, an organized effort was made in 1834 to relieve them. Under the leadership of the Prophet Joseph Smith a company of brethren set out from Kirtland, Ohio, with necessary succor. On the nineteenth of June, they passed unobserved through Richmond, Missouri, and encamped between the forks of the Fishing River. More than three hundred men had prearranged to concentrate at that point and attack the brethren, with the avowed purpose of exterminating them. But after the darkness set in a mighty hurricane arose and threw the plans of the mob in confusion. The hail, which fell like grapeshot, together with the awful lightning, spread terror throughout the hostile camp. When the storm began, forty of the mobbers had succeeded in crossing over to the ground occupied by the Saints; but the little Fishing River having risen, according to their own statements, thirty feet in thirty minutes, no more dared venture across; and those already over were glad to return as best they could. The Big Fishing River rose forty feet that night, and being thus everywhere foiled and terror-stricken, the enemy fled from before the Lord without striking a single blow. They lost several men by the floods and the lightning. On the twenty-first of June Colonel Sconce and two other leading men of Ray County visited the Prophet and said: "We see that there is an almighty power that protects this people." The escape of Zion's

camp on that occasion was marvelous enough to extort from enemies a confession that it was effected through a Divine agency, and so it was.

Another instance of God's providential care for His people is told as follows in the eloquent language of Bishop O. F. Whitney, in his life of Heber C. Kimball, page 400 and 401:

"The year 1848 was the year of the cricket plague. Myriads of these destructive pests, an army of famine and despair, rolled in black legions down the mountain sides and attacked the fields of growing grain. The tender crops fell an easy pray to their fierce voracity. They literally swept everything before them. Starvation with all its terrors seemed staring the poor settlers in the face.

"They were saved by a miracle. In the midst of the work of destruction, when it seemed as if nothing could stay the work of devastation, great flocks of gulls suddenly appeared filling the air with their white wings and plaintive cries, and settled down upon the half ruined fields. At first it seemed as though they came but to destroy what the cricket had left. But their true purpose was soon apparent. They came to prey upon the destroyers. All day long they gorged themselves, and, when full, disgorged and feasted again; the white gulls upon the black crickets, like hosts of heaven and hell contending, until the pests were vanquished and the people were saved. The heaven-sent birds then returned to the lake islands whence they came, leaving the grateful people to shed tears of joy at the wonderful deliverance wrought out for them."

The Pioneers entered the valleys of Utah July 24, 1847, a time of the year too late for sowing. A few potatoes and other roots were raised, but that was all. Already on short supplies, the very existence of the people depended on the harvest of 1848. This the plague of crickets imperilled, and the hopes of the struggling Saints seemed about to set in gloom forever; but the Lord had prepared deliverance for His people. What child of God can read even now the wonderful story of how it was brought about, without feeling to shed tears of joy and gratitude? What act of providence is there recorded, anywhere, that is more beautiful and suggestive than this?

Another example of God's providence in behalf of the Saints was witnessed in the unexpected manner in which He enabled them to supply themselves, on more than one occasion, with clothing and many other necessities of life. The first of these worthy of mention occurred at the time of the great gold excitement in America. Thousands of people splendidly equipped set out from the "States" for California, Utah lying directly in the route. Impatient because of the slow progress of their heavily-laden trains, and crazed by the gold excitement the fortune hunters threw away or "sold for a song" the valuable goods that made their long march so heavy and wearisome. The providential supply of the Saints with the necessities of life was repeated later on in their history, though on a smaller scale, and at a time of less scarcity among them. This occurred when Johnston's army was recalled for the defense of the Union at the time the great civil war burst upon the country.

It is a notable fact also that that very army, sent by President Buchanan against the Saints upon false accusations and representations, was delayed from one cause or another in setting out upon its march for the field of operations, and was finally brought to a dead halt by deep snows, which set in that year earlier than usual. The delay thus occasioned was a great blessing to the Saints. It afforded time for the temper of the American people to cool off to a great extent, and for

the real facts in the case to be brought to the notice of the government.

The elements have been operated upon by the Almighty in other and more peaceful ways, causing them to contribute to the prosperity and blessing of His people. Previous to the founding of the first settlements of Utah by the Saints in 1847, the climate was far different from what it is at present. It was so extremely frosty that Colonel Bridger, during a council meeting held on the 28th of June, 1847, with the Mormon leaders, stated that it would be impossible to grow wheat in Salt Lake Valley, and offered a thousand dollars for the first bushel of it that should be raised there. The Lord, however, has made the wilderness blossom as the rose, and ladened it with crops of superior grain.

The water supply has likewise been made to keep pace with the necessities of a rapidly increasing population. Streams of water that formerly sank into the earth and were wholly lost before reaching arable soil, now flow out into fertile valleys and water hundreds of acres of cultivated land. Springs have burst forth in new places, thus literally fulfilling the promises of the Lord to His people. Towns that years ago were supposed to contain all the population that the resources about them could sustain, have nevertheless kept on growing steadily, and all are provided for. Whole regions of country where spring and autumn rains (especially the former) were once of extremely rare occurrence, are now blessed with copious showers during both seasons.

The marvelous security upon the sea which attends the Saints when emigrating from all countries to Zion is notorious, and requires no special mention. The Elders, also, in traveling to and from their respective fields of labor, enjoy the same immunity from destruction by the mighty deep. Though the Saints by tens of thousands* have crossed the sea, there

* The number who emigrated from the British Isles and European countries, up to the close of 1883, was seventy-eight thousand two hundred and nineteen; and two hundred and forty-three ships had been employed in transporting them.

rests not in her bosom the body of a single Mormon victim, which her storms and billows have been allowed to claim. Dangers of an appalling nature have certainly been encountered; but in the midst of them all, the preserving hand of the Almighty has been made manifest. The manner in which His protecting care is exercised in the midst of dangers by sea is illustrated in the following account of an accident which befell the *S. S. Arizona*. It is related by Elder Henry A. Dixon, who was a passenger on board of the ship at the time. He says:

"On the evening of the 7th inst., (Nov. 1879), about a quarter to nine o'clock, the engines ceased working; there was a sudden thud and shock. I rushed on deck, thinking we had struck a vessel, and expected to see the ship I had supposed we had collided with, go down. Looking over the bulwarks into the seething sea foam, my attention was directed to an iceberg. I should have mistaken it for a white cloud, as it resembled one very much in appearance, being like a bluish ground with a mantle of snow for a covering. The order was given for the boats to be lowered. At this time there was a good deal of excitement. Myself and brethren united in prayer to the Lord for the preservation of the vessel and all on board. The spirit of prophecy came upon me, I felt to cheer and comfort the passengers, telling a number of them in the name of the Lord, that no lives would be lost and the vessel would reach port in safety. By the collision the bow was stove in, there being a big hole about thirty feet in depth and twenty feet in width, in the widest part. About fifteen tons of ice were jammed into her fore-castle, and three sailors were buried in it. It was some time before they could be extricated, one being insensible when taken out. * * We return thanks to our Heavenly Father for the preservation of our lives."

As a final and crowning illustration of God's providence in behalf of His people, we cite the miraculous preservation of a company of emigrating Saints in the midst of a terrible railroad disaster, which occurred on Sunday morning, September

15, 1889, heretofore mentioned, hence need not be repeated. It suffices now to say that non-Mormons confess that this escape of the Saints "is one of the most remarkable things that ever happened." Another, an assistant of the Railroad Commissioner, made the following statement respecting it: "The wreck is the most remarkable I have seen in twenty years' experience. How so many men, women, and children could have escaped loss of life is inexplicable." Again, others say that had the emigrants been any other people than the Mormons they would all have been killed. The preservation of the Saints on that occasion is not "inexplicable." God had given His angels charge concerning them. The storm rose by Divine command. The bridge became insecure according to the Divine will. The cars fell just as far, and not an inch further than God Himself had determined they should, and the might of heaven was there to save those Saints. The Almighty did it, and there was no more danger of the loss of a single life than if the members of the company had been seated around their firesides at home. But, says one, if God saved them in the midst of the danger, why did he not save them from it? We do not profess to know much about God's purposes and designs; but, doubtless, one object He had in view was to let the Saints themselves see that He is with them in dangers of the most appalling kind. Again, He has raised up this people to bear testimony for Him to the inhabitants of this world, that they may be without excuse in the day of His wrath. His matchless care over the Saints on the occasion of that wreck speaks to all those who hear of it with no uncertain voice. It is a divine testimony that no one can gainsay. Unless the accident had occurred no such testimony could have been given. As the matter stands it is one that God himself has borne, and the people of the world must meet it.

These remarks on God's sovereignty and providence were suggested by His mercy to the Saints on that occasion. God holds the destiny of nations in His own hands, and when He decrees their fall

there is no power that can save them. "*It is* he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof *are* as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in; that bringeth the princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity. Yea, they shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown; yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth; and he shall also blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble." (Isa. xiv, 22—24.)

Let Saints with songs of grateful praise,
While God prolongs their earthly days,
And keeps their feet in wisdom's ways,
Exalt His holy name.

He hears the hungry ravens' cry,
And notes the sparrows when they die;
In mem'ry holds the orphan's sigh;
And gives to princes fame.

His pity mourns the wretched state
Of beggars spurned from palace gate;
The meek, oppressed by pride or hate,
His tender mercies claim.

He moves the wand'ring heart to say,
"I'll seek my Father's house to-day,
It's shelter gain while yet I may;
For there is danger here."

'Tis He who brings the truth to light,
Dispels the gloom of mental night,
His Zion clothes with grace and might,
And doth her pillars rear.

He treasures up his people's tears,
And turns to hope their inward fears;
Sustains them in declining years;
In death is ever near.

When gath'ring home to Zion's land,
He shields them with a mighty hand;
In Angels' charge by His command
They journey safely there.

Though raging billows round them roar,
The surging seas they're carried o'er,
And plant their feet on destined shore,
Preserved from ev'ry snare.

When Satan tempts in artful way,
From truth divine their feet to stray,
He wields a Father's tender sway,
And doth their weakness bear.

If heedless still they choose their lot
In paths with snares and dangers fraught,
He chastens sore till they are brought
To see their sinful plight.

And though their dust returns to earth,
Whence comes all things of mortal birth,
As guarded stores of priceless worth,
'Tis treasured in His sight.

To reign at last o'er conquered death,
When thrilled with life's reviving breath,
Their bodies e'er, as Jesus saith,
Shall dwell in endless light.

—*Thomas W. Brookbank, in Mill. Star.*

Give me the liberty to know, to think,
to believe, and to utter freely, according
to conscience, above all other liberties.—
Milton.

A PEOPLE'S PRAYERS.

THE day of fasting and prayer set apart by the authorities of the Church, and universally observed by the Latter-day Saints on the twenty-third of December, is another evidence to the world that we are not the vengeful and disloyal people that we are accused of being; but that we love our fellowmen, our country and our government. Were this not the case, how different would be our course in dealing with all the wrongs by which we have been assailed.

Not only has it ever been our policy to return good for evil, but we have been commanded to pray for our enemies; to

forgive them for the wrongs they have done us, and to ask God to open their eyes that they may see us as we are, and know us as we are known to Him.

In the exercises of the fast day occasion, numerous were the petitions to the Throne of Grace for the authorities of his government, that they might be actuated by righteous motives in all their dealings and official acts toward this people; and that hatred and prejudice, wherever it did exist, might be removed. A desire to be avenged of our enemies, nowhere existed among all the Heaven-inspired congregations of that day; but

an ever-prevalent feeling of loving charity toward mankind in general, and toward this nation in particular, was the leading characteristics of the meeting attended by the writer, and, doubtless, was so of all the meetings of the Saints.

Pretending, as this nation does, to be a Christian nation, to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and to abhor, as every lover of freedom does, the religious persecutions of every age, the example of a whole Church assembling in solemn fasting and prayer to Almighty God for His deliverance from the threatened evils of its situation, should at least cause a halt in the headlong course being pursued toward the Latter-day Saints, and the thought to be awakened that perhaps the history of past religious persecutions is repeating itself, even in this boasted land and day of liberty. It is true our enemies either do not see, or pretend not to see, wherein their proscriptive measures against us are measures of persecution. Neither have the persecutors of any age or people. Blinded by prejudice and by bigotry, the very executioners and torturers of the inquisition, thought they were inspired by a holy zeal in committing the demoniac deeds that consigned tens of thousands of their fellows to a torturous death. It was the reacting influence of this dark night of cruelty that kindled the fires of freedom and led to the establishment, on this land, of the freest and best government that the sun ever shone upon; yet within the first century of this government's existence, a community of religionists have been driven five times from their homes, robbed and plundered of their substance, many of them tortured and murdered under the most cruel circumstances, and finally banished, in a body, from the confines of the government, and consigned to the hardships of the desert and the cruelties of a savage foe.

Ask our enemies if this is persecution, and they will answer, with the Jews who crucified Jesus and killed His apostles, with the Roman Catholics who slew their thousands for conscience' sake during the dark days of the middle ages, and with the persecutors of every people in every

age. Yet *it is* persecution in every sense of the term; and the wonder is, that a nation so enlightened as this, and among whom the love of liberty has such an exalted place, cannot see that its course toward the Latter-day Saints is on a parallel with all the persecutions of the past, differing from them only in the methods employed, and in the intense cruelty by which they were characterized. Civilization to-day, would not tolerate the cruelties of the dark ages, but it fails to distinguish between prejudice and principle, between persecution and prosecution, just as man has ever done in all the persecutions of the past.

As to our disloyalty to the government under which we dwell, such a charge is disproved by every important event in our history. When our people were driven from Kirtland, they peacefully and lawfully sought an asylum on the borders of civilization in Missouri, where they bought from the settlers and the general government the lands upon which they subsequently built their homes. When a ruthless mob deprived them of their possessions there, and drove them, at the point of the bayonet, into the then wilderness of Clay and Ray counties, they neither inveighed against the general nor state government, that permitted these outrages to be committed, but loyally and patiently petitioned for a redress of grievances, trusting to the civil law to right their wrongs. When their Prophet and Patriarch were slain at Carthage under the broken pledge of the State of Illinois, although they were a powerful people, having a trained militia of over five thousand well-armed, resolute, brave and determined men, they did not take vengeance upon their enemies, who were measurably at their mercy; but patiently submitted to the dishonored authority of the state in which they dwelt, and again sought for civil redress, upholding, even in the direst and darkest day in their history, the supremacy of the law that had so often failed to protect them in the hour of need. A little time after this, they were compelled, by force of arms, to migrate in a body from the State of Illinois, under

circumstances of the greatest cruelty, and were encamped in the wilderness, destitute of the commonest necessities of life, and decimated by sickness and disease. While smarting under the tortures of their situation, and the deep sense of the wrongs they had endured, a call came from the general government for volunteers to fight the nation's battles with Mexico. Did they meet the call with disdain? Did they deny the demand of an ungrateful nation, which, when appealed to for a redress of the wrongs so long endured, had but recently replied, through its chief executive, "Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you?" They could illy spare five hundred of their best and ablest men on the eve of their march of a thousand miles, through a trackless wilderness, infested everywhere with warlike savages; but Brigham Young unhesitatingly replied, that the demand should be met, even if it took the Elders of the camp to make up the required number.

When we consider the circumstances surrounding the people at that time; how many drivings and plunderings they had endured; how many of their number had been slain; how many had died by reason of their cruel expulsion in the inclement season of the year, and under the most destitute circumstances; how their beloved prophet and patriarch had but recently been treacherously and cruelly murdered, and how they were even then exiles for conscience' sake from their native land; and further that the very nation that now made this demand upon them had been a silent spectator of all they had suffered; no sublimer evidence of Christian forbearance, or of true loyalty to government can be found in all the history of the world. This one circumstance of itself should be sufficient to brand as false for all time to come the infamous charge of disloyalty so often made against the Latter-day Saints.

If the charge of disloyalty can be hurled at any class of our citizens, it belongs to those who have violated every law of human right in their persecution of this people. To the state officials of Missouri and Illinois and the people of

those sections who set at defiance the civil power and became an armed mob of plunderers and murderers, this ignoble name rightfully may be applied. It likewise belongs to those who, to prescribe and persecute us in this land made fruitful by our suffering frugality and toil, overturn the safeguards and bulwarks of liberty, and violate the fundamental principles of constitutional law.

Instead of being disloyal to the government, the history of every contest for our rights either in the courts or in Congress conclusively proves, that upon the great principles of human liberty, bequeathed to us by our forefathers of the revolution, we have mainly depended for our defense—that we have become the defenders of the Constitution instead of violators of its sacred provisions even as the Prophet Joseph Smith long ago declared. And the day will yet come when we will not only be defenders of it, but when we will sustain it against the disloyalty of that very element that would tear it in shreds to wreak their vengeance upon us, and who are so inconsistently and markedly loud in their accusation of disloyalty toward the Latter-day Saints.

In the exercise of charity toward those who thus so wrongfully accuse us, and whose enmity carries them to such lengths to accomplish our destruction, we should not be governed so much by the fact that it is a commandment so to do, as from a proper sense and understanding of the very lamentable condition of blindness and ignorance which everywhere exists among them concerning us.

From the time that Joseph Smith received his first heavenly manifestations, the father of lies has been assiduously at work filling the minds of the children of men with all manner of poisonous falsehoods concerning the people of God. Among the wicked elements of humanity, and very frequently among the susceptible and gullible of the better class of mankind he has found numerous agencies for the accomplishment of his great mission. By their instrumentality the people of this nation have become so hedged about and fenced in by falsehood that the truth cannot penetrate their

ranks. The vile slanders of the "Liberal" press and the element that is just now clamoring for the political supremacy in Utah have flooded the land, and filled the minds and hearts of the people until there is seemingly no room for the truth to find even a temporary lodgement among them. We have manfully and valiently struggled against this gigantic tide, but it would seem that we were as powerless to stay its progress as to stop the onward rolling of the mighty Niagara. In pity and deep compassion we behold tens of thousands of the good and the noble of the earth drinking deeply of these falsehoods, and becoming in consequence so filled with prejudice that no earthly power can free them from its fetters. For such as these we should indeed have unbounded and never failing charity.

We have appealed to the courts and gone from the first to the last tribunal in the land battling with all our might and main for the maintenance of our rights. We have petitioned governors, legislatures, the Congress of the United States, the President thereof, his cabinet, and finally the people, asking them not to condemn us upon the testimony of our enemies whose only object is to misrepresent and destroy us, but all in vain. Our wrongs go unredressed and from every effort that we put forth for our defense comes new fetters for our enslavement. What can we do under such circumstances but carry our case to the court of last resort on high, from whose decision there is no appeal, and whose inscrutable justice, majesty and power none can question or escape.

Joseph A. West.

TELL THE TRUTH.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Phrenological Journal* offers the following sensible suggestions to mothers: The first thing to be taught inefficient mothers is absolute truthfulness in dealing with their children. Though most mothers would be shocked at the implied accusation, it is a fact that they are far from being truthful, even the best of them, in the trivial things that touch their children's lives. Statements are made that no sane person could accept, promises given that are not meant to be redeemed, simply because it takes less time and stops, for the time being, their children's ceaseless questioning.

Here is a striking instance of false statement. I heard a lady tell her four-year-old daughter if she ventured outside the gate the policeman would be sent for. The little creature looked at her mother with merry, defiant eyes, and very soon afterward was romping on the sidewalk.

"What shall I do?" moaned the mother, "the policeman used to keep her inside the gate, but lately she does not fear him."

"You have threatened her with the policeman before and the policeman never came?" I asked.

"Dozens of times, and of course the policeman never came, but she thought he would come till recently."

"If it were my case, and I had threatened her with the policeman, I would have one on the spot if I had to move heaven and earth to get him there."

The lady looked at me a moment in a bewildered way, then her lip curled, and I saw in her indignant eyes as plainly as if it was printed on paper, "That's just an old maid's notion."

I could not be surprised when some days later I heard that same mother bewailing the fact that her little daughter had told a lie. How can a child be truthful that lives and moves and has her very being in an atmosphere of falsehood!

Mothers make a grave mistake when they think that they can put off the moral education of their children till some stated time, as, when the child has learned to walk or to talk. A close observer sees that it begins, very often, long before the child can do either, as soon, in fact, as a child has developed a will of its own. The mother who said of her little son or daughter four years: "I have as yet paid no atten-

tion to his moral character, I have only tried to keep him physically vigorous," has a surprise in store for her whenever she shall be ready to begin her moral training. His morals, rudimentary as they may be, have all along been growing into the likeness of those about him. Children are little mirrors. Mothers, look well to the reflections that confront you in the tender minds of your little ones. If you are careless in your statements, if you make ill-considered promises which, on a second thought, you do not keep, be not surprised if the moral image of your child is fashioned like unto your own.

"But," objects a mother, "if I stop to think of every word I utter, and if I count the probable influence of my every action on my children, I shall simply have time for nothing else."

Good heavens! Has it come to this? Oh, I know of women whose lives—unblessed by love and home—would be raised to something scarcely less than celestial bliss if all their time could be devoted to these high duties. Oh, that mothers would magnify their office! But sometimes the best of them turn even love to a false account. Not long ago, a sweet and intelligent woman said, in the company of several other women:

"I rule my children by love. When they do wrong I tell them: 'Mamma cannot love you if you are not obedient, truthful and good,' and they will do anything rather than lose my love."

Think of such a presentation of love from a mother who is the symbol of undying love. No one answered her though one of the company—Hetty Dean, spinster—felt her heart ready to burst with remonstrance. We all know that, if necessary, that mother love would follow her child to the dungeon and the scaffold. If she had pictured to her children grieved love, love in tears, love in agony over wrong doing, but had insisted, in the name of truth, that love is immortal, what then? Her children would not only have been held by love to rectitude of conduct, but would have had an impression of mother love as ineffaceable as the rock-ribbed mountains of their New England home.

How will it be when, later in life, they find that statement was essentially false?

When I found my School for the Instruction of Inefficient Mothers there shall be a chair of Maternal Ethics, where truthfulness of all things relating to children shall be insisted on as the foundation of their character, and where the work of training her little ones shall be recognized as the noblest that can engage a woman.

BUSINESS HABITS IN THE HOME.

A FRIEND engaged in the paper trade, was recently referring to the custom prevailing in his family, consisting of a wife and five children, by which he is entirely relieved of the trials and perplexities of house-keeping. The wife gets a given sum every week for marketing, rent and all other expenses of house-keeping. The grown children he gives from five to twenty-five cents a week, out of which they purchase small matters, such as writing material, car fare and such things. If the father starts on a trip, one of the larger children carries the hand-satchel to the depot, and gets five cents for the service; another splits kindling wood, another blacks father's boots, while the girls do household work sufficient to earn their weekly allowance. Thus are sowed the seeds of independence and earning their own means. When accumulations foot up considerable, the father uses the monies and allows the children interest; and by compounding these savings, in a few years a considerable sum is to the credit of each one. Both father and mother teach their children how to write, keep a memorandum book, and until they are able to do their own book-keeping the mother does the service. Although the father is only a traveling salesman, he is able to comfortably keep his family and have each of the children commence accumulating from their start in life upwards.

The main business of this life is not merely to frame theories and speculations on any subject, but to act wisely and well for both worlds, in the practical duties which God has imposed upon us.

THEN AND NOW.

A POEM FOR THE NEW YEAR.

On holidays and such like festive times,
We gather up the shreds of other years,
And sometimes weave them into dainty rhymes
Albeit dotted, not with ink, but tears;
For we recall the bitter and the sweet—
Dark lines, you know, make pictures more
complete.

May be we hide these fancy sketches fair,
From other eyes in the securest place;
And all the while a smiling face we wear,
That e'en our friends a vestige may not trace
Of that we hold so sacred and apart,
Entwined within the tendrils of the heart.

It may be more of sorrow than of bliss,
No matter, 'tis a link in love's dear chain,
"A part and parcel" of that happiness
Which often comes through the severest pain.
We know perhaps how years have sanctified
The secret, which so jealously we hide.

But ah, methinks I'm dreaming when I say
So many years and oh, so long ago!
It only seems to me but yesterday,
And yet, 'tis longer far, I can but know,
For many dim, old pictures do I find—
Historic relics, crowded in my mind.

Perchance it would be well to illustrate
Some of these histories at the present time;
I do not know why one should hesitate,
As old things now are reckoned half sublime,

But if we tell old stories o'er again—
Retouch them carefully with modern pen.

Yes, there are many critics now-a-days,
Who pick in pieces what they could not do,
And seldom volunteer a word of praise,
E'en though the work is beautiful and true.
One need be brave, if he would truth rehearse.
A real story, polished up in verse.

Sure, I've been wandering if I did not dream,
"Over the hills and" very "far away;"
And I'm afraid it's not a fitting theme
I've chosen for the happy New Year's day;
For I've been thinking of deserted halls,
With faded garlands hanging on the walls.

Well, let us welcome in "the glad New Year,"
For there is much to make it bright and gay,
And banish from us every doubt and fear,
And live within the present, just to-day.
And like the modest lilies, take no thought
With what the uncertain future may be fraught.

But trust in Him, who doeth all things well,
Knowing His power can guide the helm of
state,
The anger of the wicked He can quell
And e'en confound the wisdom of the great.
He leads His chosen ones in pleasant ways,
And promises the righteous length of days.

Emmeline B. Wells.

MY STAR.

When yet a child I scanned the sky,
And from the twinkling hosts on high,
I chose a star in heaven.
And never yet a star shone brighter,
With lustre lighter.

Since then my days have grown to years,
Which oft have burned with bitter tears,
As oft with peaceful pleasure.—
But how my star glowed like an ember,
I yet remember.

Oft gazing on the pine-decked hills,
Far o'er the willow-shadowed rills,
I watched its early rising.
Its sparkle, to my childish thinking,
Seemed merry winking.

So happy days and years sped round;
The Gospel light, my star, was found
On each returning evening—

A guidance that I might not falter
On Duty's altar.

But as all suns that ever shone
Have hid in gloom, so with my own—
In dark and storm it vanished.—
Though tears and torments friends may sever,
'Tis not forever.

My star, like fire, shall rend the clouds,
Shed day-beams o'er night's dismal shrouds;
With sweet returning glimmer,
Dispel the darkness of this sorrow,
Make glad the morrow.

E'en now the dawn breaks from afar!
Hail! Gospel light, my childhood's star!
Haste on thy glad returning!
Leave thou my faltering footsteps never,
Shine on forever!

Edward H. Anderson.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

JUNIUS F. WELLS, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY, 1890.

THE OFFICIAL DECLARATION.

THE First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the Twelve Apostles, have issued a specific and official denial of the calumnies recently revived against the Church, in the late inquiry as to the character of said Church, in the third district court. The charge of believing in and practicing the horrible doctrine of blood atonement for "apostacy and other crimes" is denied, and the position of the Church in relation to that doctrine explained. It is denied that the Bishop's or other court in the Church exercise judicial functions with a view to supersede the judgment of any civil court; that the Church interferes with citizens in the exercise of social or political rights; that there is anything in the endowment ceremony hostile to the government of the United States; that the Church claims to be an independent, temporal Kingdom of God, aiming to overthrow the United States or any other civil government. These denials are followed by the announcement that they claim for themselves and the Church no religious liberty they are unwilling to accord to others; ask for no civil or political rights which are not guaranteed to citizens in general; and the desire is expressed, of being in harmony with the government and people of the United States as an integral part of the nation. The attempts to exclude members of the Church from naturalization and the exercise of the elective franchise, are regarded as dangerous encroachments upon civil and religious liberty. Notwithstanding the wrongs the Church has suffered, it is announced as the intention, by the help of Omnipotence, to remain firm in fealty and steadfast in the maintenance of constitutional principles. The document closes with a strong appeal to the nation not to condemn the Saints upon the testimony of their enemies, but to suspend judgment until a full investigation can be

had—"and we appeal to the Eternal Judge of all men and nations, to aid us in the vindication of our righteous cause," is the closing sentence.

The document is strong, and its demand for fair treatment and common justice should appeal to the hearts of all men in whom a love for American institutions is not dead. It is said that the brave are always generous, and, that being true, we cannot believe that this appeal to the sentiment and judgment of the brave American people, if followed up, and the facts presented to them, will be in vain. If it is, then misrepresentation and malice and fraud bear down truth and innocence, and the glory of the nation has departed. But not until the trial is made and the results positively declared, can we believe it. We regard it as the duty of the Saints to make a united and a mighty effort to vindicate their innocence before the tribunal of public opinion; and then if the nation in which we live is so lost to all sense of justice as to condemn them, they may confidently leave their cause to be vindicated by the God of justice—the God of the whole earth, and He will not fail them.

DEATH OF JEFF DAVIS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, the leader of the great civil war in the United States of America, died in New Orleans, at a quarter to one Friday morning, December 6th, 1889. So one by one the leaders in, or it may be the heroes of, the sad days of that terrible struggle are numbered with the dead; first Lincoln, then Lee, then Grant, and now the President of the lost Confederacy. To a certain extent Mr. Davis outlived the animosities and asperities of the past, and as a rule the American nation, without offence to any sensibility, has done justice to his unquestioned merits. His career as a public man was bright and varied. Born in what is now Todd County, Georgia, in 1808, he died in the eighty-second year of his age. He was a student at West Point where he graduated with no especial distinction in 1828. Then we hear of him as a lieutenant of infantry on the Indian frontier. The Mexican war found him at

the front in command of a Mississippi regiment of volunteers, attached to General Taylor's column. At the battles of Monterey and Buena Vista, Colonel Davis and his Mississippians gained bright laurels, and received special notice from the commanding general. Some time after, Mr. Davis married General Taylor's daughter. This battle witnessed the last of his strictly military career. The residue of his public life was that of a statesman in legislative or executive function, a member of the legislature of Mississippi, and of the Federal House of Representatives, a Senator, Secretary of War, (in which position he gained high distinction), then a Senator again, and finally when the rivets which bound the political union seemed about to be forced from their hold, "President of the Southern Confederacy." The state of Mississippi seceded on the 9th of January, 1861, and as soon as authentic news of this action reached Washington, Mr. Davis with other senators and also representatives vacated their places. It is said there was a melancholy, touching eloquence in his farewell speech—a sad forecasting of what was sure to come. The strife began, and the Confederate government came into being. It was organized in February with Jefferson Davis as President, and A. H. Stephens as Vice-President, they being, as they supposed, permanently inaugurated on the 22d of that month. Here Mr. Davis staid during the whole war, the living center of the bloody rebellion.

When, at last, the day of doom for the Confederacy came, when Lee surrendered, and Richmond fell, Mr. Davis became a fugitive, and the pursuit was hot and effectual. On May 10th, 1865, he and his family were captured in the interior of Georgia, and a week later his imprisonment at Fortress Monroe began, which lasted for more than two years. He was manacled, denied free intercourse with his counsel, and his long and seemingly hopeless imprisonment, and the fact, that he was, or seemed to be utterly helpless and destitute of friends, at length aroused the dormant sympathy of men in the North and the South who

were willing to act as his counsel, and become his sureties. In the summer of 1867 Mr. Davis was liberated, and from that time until the day of his death no whisper of judicial arraignment was uttered against him. His disfranchisement, under the constitutional act, continued to the end, and he never asked for its removal.

The closing years of this man's remarkable life was spent in the strictest privacy, in attending to a business which friends provided him for the support of his family. He twice visited Europe. He leaves a wife and several young children. His last hours were peaceful, and he passed away painlessly surrounded by his family. He was buried at New Orleans on Wednesday, December 11th, amid the general mourning of the South. In summing up his career, a leading New York paper says:

"The later years of Mr. Davis have been marked by a spirit which grew impatient with advancing age. His invectives against the North were heard by those against whom they were directed with pity. They were truly the words of a foolish, fond old man, who could not outlive the remembrance of the fact that he was once the ruler of a people, the leader of a lost cause. He lived and died in the indulgent recognition of his countrymen. His Confederacy has gone into the limbo of dead political experiments. The knightly genius of Lee, the sombre fury of Jackson, the gallantry of Stuart, the narrow fanaticism of Sidney Johnston, the proud, unpausing valor of the hundreds of thousands who followed them to the supreme fate of war—all will live in song and story as an undying part of our history. And in this history no one will hold a more conspicuous place than the stern, implacable, resolute leader, whose cold, thin lips have closed forever in that beloved South which he served with passion if not with wisdom."

A DAY OF FASTING AND PRAYER.

THE First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, set apart the anniversary of the birthday of the Prophet Joseph Smith, December

23d, as a day of fasting and prayer. The fast was generally observed throughout all the settlements of the Saints in the Rocky Mountains. It was a day that will long be remembered, and one fraught with important results to the Latter-day Saints. All business affairs were laid aside, and, unitedly, a whole people approached God through the open door of prayer, having first prepared themselves by fasting. From every house of worship, where the Saints were gathered, arose petitions to the Lord of Hosts, that He might confound the enemies of Zion in their wicked works, schemes and designs; that He might soften the hearts of the rulers of the nation, as well as those of the people, so that they might be moved upon to grant to the Saints that just dealing and mercy to which their acts and beliefs entitle them; that the rights and privileges, which belong to them as citizens, loyal and true to the Constitution and institutions of our country, might not be taken away. The fast began at sundown on Sunday and lasted till sundown on Monday.

That the people are awake to the persecutions that are directed against them, and are desirous of living near to God, was evidenced in the general and ready response to the call to approach the Lord. In all places heard from throughout the length and breadth of Zion, large congregations assembled, and a spirit of peace and quiet prevailed, which was only equalled by the confidence manifested in the promises of Jehovah to the faithful, that He will hear and grant their righteous petitions. There was no excitement, no expressions or desires for wrath or judgment upon those who have reviled, persecuted and falsely accused us, and who have sought and are seeking to oppress us; but rather in a spirit of humility and great faith, the people petitioned for deliverance from the snares of the world, asked God that these agencies might repent and turn from their wicked ways, and learn to know and respect the truth. This was not alone the case in the public worship, but from the hearthstone of every home among the Saints, these same sentiments were expressed in secret and

family prayers. The spirit of peace seemed to hover over the Saints; and we can only echo the words of thousands who expressed the belief that God will work out the deliverance of His people in His own due time and in His own sure way. Numerous examples, both in the history of the ancient saints and in the experiences of the Latter-day Saints, were cited, in strong testimonies borne in all the land on that day, that our God is approachable and ready to hear and help His people when they draw near unto Him aright. Only on very few occasions before have the Latter-day Saints, thus universally at one time, come before the Lord in fasting and prayer, but on each of these the clouds which overshadowed them were lifted, the sun of joy and prosperity shone in upon them. It will be so this time; and though there may be some sad scenes and trying days, the result will be greater light, advancement and glory to the Church of God. Troublous times are upon us, and the powers of evil are raging with seeming success; it requires a strong heart, a firm spirit and undoubting faith in every Latter-day Saint, old and young, lest failure come to him. We all need the sustaining hand of Omnipotence; and hence the need of fasting and prayer, that we may know the Lord and trust in Him, offer sacrifices of joy in His tabernacle, and sing His praise. The lessons learned by this day of fasting and prayer should long be remembered by the children of Zion. The spirit obtained by those who participated should be retained, by proper conduct before the Lord, and there can be no doubt as to the results. The twenty-third day of December, 1889, marks an important epoch in the history of the Latter-day Saints.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE great English psychological poet, Robert Browning, died in Venice at an early hour on Dec. 13th, 1889, at the residence of his son. He was a native of Camberwell in Surrey, born in 1812, and educated at London University. For more than forty years he was recognized

as the most original and intellectual of English poets. He was, however, not popular, as the term is generally accepted. He fails to interest the general reader, but the great power of his genius places him among the first ranks of English men of letters. An eminent lecturer once said of him: He recognized the composite nature of human thought and emotion, and depicted it in a style that requires from the reader corresponding vigor, keenness and receptivity of enjoyment.

In America little guilds were formed for the study of Browning as if his works were of the occult sciences; and his genius by gradual educational evolution grew to be recognized by the learned and intellectual classes of both continents. He neglected the general forms of poetry but filled this deficiency with sense. His form repelled all but devoted poetical readers. There was no jingle to his verse, but in the pages of this "master of psychological monologues and dramatic lyrics will be found the 'pure untempered gold' of poetry." A little book of one hundred and fourteen pages, containing thirty poems, entitled "Asolando: Fancies and Facts," was his last work, and it appeared just before his death. Shortly before he died he turned to his son to ask for news from his publisher. The son read a telegram saying the edition of his last book of poems was almost exhausted. The poet, upon hearing this, smiled and murmured, "How gratifying," which were his last words. His remains will rest in Westminster Abbey, although it was his desire that he should be buried in Florence, by the side of his wife Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who died in 1861, and whom he married in 1846.

Among Browning's noted works are, "Paracelsus," "Pippa Passes," "The Ring and the Book," and a collection of poems entitled, "Men and Women." Every school boy has recited, "How they Brought the good News from Ghent to Aix" which begins:

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate bolts
undrew:

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping
through;

Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Browning occupied a place in literature which none now can fill. In the fresh vigor of mind, uncommon to men of his advanced age, he has "gone over to the majority" leaving behind him an immortality of genius. He realized his own words:

"Are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver;
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge?
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge."

THE MYSTERIOUS CONTINENT.

TO-DAY all the world is ringing with the praise of Stanley. His return to civilization after his long and fearful march in the interior of Africa is hailed with acclamations of rejoicing in all civilized lands. The story he will tell of his discoveries in the interior of the dark continent will be eagerly sought, and he will go down in history as a second Columbus. The facts he has already made known concerning the resources and advantages of Africa, are of such a character as even now to cause a scrambling among the nations of Europe for portions of the hoary old continent that was an enigma to Herodotus and to Strabo, and has remained a mystery to countless generations of men. England in féteing Stanley was particular to lay stress upon the fact that Stanley is an English enterprise, backed by English capital and looking after English interests. America was the first to unfurl our glorious flag to the African breeze that fanned the returning caravan, the first to plant a nation's ensign over Stanley's tent, and among the first, if not the first, through its news-gatherers, to let the world know of the great explorer's safe return with the rescued Emin Pasha. But England claims the honor which Stanley's explorations have conferred upon the world, and then comes France, Italy, Germany, colossal Russia and tiny Portugal each looking for an inheritance, each mostly by

virtue of its standing among the European nations.

There appears now to be but little doubt that Africa will soon swarm with the peoples of civilization, who will quarrel and fight over rights, and with the dusky natives until the history of America will be repeated. This will be done seemingly without any reference to the rights or views of the ebon-faced natives, who, like the Indians in America, will either have to fight or see their land invaded, occupied and parcelled out among the pale-faced heroes who discovered them and it, and had their land put on a map. It is strange that nations are like boys with bird's-nests. The patiently constructed bird's-nest is not the property of the bird, but of the boy who finds it. Such appears to have been the policy with the red man in America, and now the African comes upon the threshing floor of civilization. To whom he belongs will be settled by other heads than his.

In the mean time, we have enough land in America, and America is the land for us; therefore, we will let Europe divide

and populate this old yet new Africa as the fates or mighty men shall decree. But at the same time we are interested, for it may be a profound benefit for America to have Africa opened for settlement, since it will doubtless tend to divert from these shores the swelling tide of immigration which has often seemed not altogether free from danger.

Stanley will probably remain for the winter in Cairo, where he will prepare his book and give the world the details of his trying labors in wading through morasses and desert sands, sailing across unknown seas, and in defying serpents, miasm and scorching sands.

A fatal objection to infidelity is that it tells a man what *not* to believe, but gives him no substitute for what he is told *not* to believe. It is a creed of *negatives*; and no such creed can ever satisfy the wants of the human soul. All men need a faith that *affirms* something, and not the faith which consists simply of denials. The latter is very poor food for the human soul.

WHITNEY'S POETICAL WRITINGS.

A SHORT time ago, a friend of ours, walking down North Temple street, glanced at the Temple of the Lord, and made these significant remarks: "Mormonism can never die out. It has an architecture and a literature. It has given to the world such names as Joseph, Brigham, Orson and Parley P. Pratt, Kimball, Cumorah, Adam-Ondi-Ahman, Kirtland, Nauvoo, and a hundred others that will live as long as civilization lasts." Even if the people were scattered these names would continue to exist. The works of a people stand like huge monuments to their memory, and shine with undimmed lustre down the corridors of the ages. This may be said of their labor in commerce and architecture, what, then, shall be said of their literature? We must agree with our friend, just quoted, that a people who have a literature cannot die. The

Latter-day-Saints have had many literary lights, led by Parley P. Pratt, Eliza R. Snow, Orson Pratt, and others whose songs and sayings have contributed greatly to the spread of the Gospel, and to-day there is an array of men and women whose pens are daily pleasing thousands among the Saints, and who even find readers in all parts of the earth. Among these, Orson F. Whitney stands at the head of all other home writers as a poet. His songs and melodies, a large number of which have first appeared in *THE CONTRIBUTOR*, are familiar to many of our readers. These, and all other residents in Utah and surrounding territories, where the Saints have settled, will be pleased to learn that Bishop Whitney during the holidays has issued from the press of the *Juvenile Instructor* a compilation of his works entitled, "The Poetical Writings of

Orson F. Whitney." This book includes nearly all his verse, and has some of his best prose articles interspersed—articles however that have as much the soul of poetry in them as any verse ever written. It was scarcely necessary for the author to explain in his preface that poetry is not always written in verse, for a single glance at his eloquent and truthful dissertation on "The Age's Need," or his inspiring remarks on "Poets and Poetry," would have convinced the dullest student of this well-known fact. The book consists of two hundred and eight pages, with heavy eighty-pound paper, bound in three styles—ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$2.75. The type is large and clear and is triple leaded, making the book a luxury to read.

A preface that shows the characteristic modesty and eloquence of the author introduces the writer to the confidence of the reader. The first poem or invocation was written in 1882, and breathes that religious fervor which even the materialistic proclivities of our day secretly delight to honor. And it may as well here be stated that all the writings of our poet are religious in their nature, even in the love songs and short ballads, of which there are a number in the present volume, there is an over-towering religious feeling that makes his lightest songs a pleasure. It will be impossible in this short sketch to enter into a critical review of the poems. They are all good; and then there are, of course, the better and the best. Many readers will regret that "The Ancient of the Mount," published in Tullidge's History of Salt Lake as a fragment, is still unfinished. It is a beautiful melody in which the poet questions the spirit of the mountain concerning the terraced heights and rocky crags of his native land. In the answer "The Ancient of the Mount" tells the pleasing story of Old America in words as sublime and beautiful as were ever uttered. The scheme is grand, and the finished poem will be looked for with eagerness.

A new poem, that will create considerable interest, is entitled "O Tempora! O Mores." This is a satire in which are held up to ridicule the various efforts that have been extended to "reform"

the Latter-day-Saints, by their enemies. It is a cutting article which is yet unfinished, but there is ample room and material to extend it. Here are a few striking quotations:

Oh for a pen, to blaze on history's page
The follies of a false and flagrant age!
Lay bare its wrongs, disclose each dire defect,
Link fast each shameful cause with like effect;
Hold high the mirror o'er the face of Time,
And bid him blush to read the damning rhyme!

"The times are out of joint," nor surgeon's skill,
Empiric nostrums, sworn to "cure or kill;"
Nor aught, appears, can calm the fever's strife,
Or set the broken bones of social life.

* * * * *
Mine be the task to single from a train
Of slaves that wear to wield a despot's chain,
A ring of rogues, disguised in patriot dress,
Who scheme for power their fellows to oppress;
The willful blind who lead the willing blind,
Foes of their God, and traitors to their kind,
Who feign to point the better way of life,
Yet fill our land with bitterness and strife;
Berate for hire, belie for daily bread,
Lampoon the living, and defame the dead;
Or sit in judgment on their neighbor's flaw,
To flaunt their own unnoticed of the law;
Of "liberty," of "virtue" loudly prate,
While trampling that, while this they violate;
Vipers that creep for shelter from the storm,
To bite the willing hand that made them warm.

Lay on, my muse, and lash where'er you find,
Such shameless vices of most shameful kind;
Spare not, but speak; let satire keenly sing,
And feel it most, who merit most the sting!

There was a time—oh, that such times should be
The few, far isles of memory's widening sea!

* * * * *
When each revolving sun that rose or set
Along the hills and vales of Deseret,
Gazed gladly down o'er scenes with promise rife,
Whose germs of beauty, bursting into life,
Foretold the rising of a brighter star,
From out Hesperian darkness, flaming far,
Than fairest of the free-born lights which now
In sovereign splendor bind Columbia's brow.

When honest men content with honest toil,
Wrung frugal thrift from hardship's stubborn soil,
Ignoring wealth earth's bosom still might give,
Sufficed to live and teach the way to live,
Redeemed the waste and "solitary ways,"
Where echoing rose their shouts and songs of praise.

* * * * *
Dear days of eld, that gild the poet's dream
Of pictured bliss with joy's remembered beam,

Your life hath left, like summer's faded flower,
In memory's vase, the perfume of that hour!

* * * * *

So Ephraim had flourished until now,
The fairest branch of Joseph's fruitful bough,
Had killing frosts not seared his promise fair,
Half turned his teeming field to desert bare;
A moral blight which Hate's malicious hand
With fatal aim flung broadcast o'er the land.

* * * * *

On, on it rolled, a surging flood of vice,
Eager to seize and virtue sacrifice;
Priests, panders, politicians, on they come,
Like locusts swarming to the harvest-home;
Their aim unanimous—God's fort to storm,
Beneath the banner-blazoned lie: "REFORM."

On Zion's Mount—there fostered by her foes—
The gambling hell and brothel next arose,
Thrice cursed cumberings of the sainted sod,
Once clean and sacred to the cause of God.
Where rose aloft the voice of reverent prayer,

The horrid oath now rent the midnight air;
O'er streets deserted once, ere darkening night,
The glare of sin sent forth its baleful light;
The grog-shop, held aloft from arm of law,
Poured forth its poison with defiant maw;
O'er walks where virtue long had wandered free,
Staggered the drunkard, lurked the debauchee;
With watchful eye the gambler lay in wait,
To lure his victim with a gilded bait;
While pimp and harlot ply their artful game,
To drag our youth to dens of death and shame.

Such was in part the plague—the canker worm,
By Christian priest and press surnamed "reform."
Reforming what?—Great God! Thou knowest
well—

REFORMING LIFE TO DEATH, AND HEAVEN
TO HELL.

The volume is one that every lover of
choice literature will wish to peruse, and
is a valuable addition to the literature of
the Latter-day-Saints.

ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

NEW TESTAMENT SUBJECTS.—BY MILTON H.
HARDY AND GEO. H. BRIMHALL

Course II.—(Continued).

PARABLES OF OUR SAVIOR.—(CONCLUDED).

Lecture LII. Group 6. Illustrating the principle of integrity. Subdivisions: 1. Servants waiting for their Lord; *a* place, Galilee; *b* reference: Luke xii. 2. Laborers in the vineyard; *a* place, Peraea; *b* reference: Matt. xx. 3. Marriage feast; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference, Matt. xxii.

LIII. Group 7. Illustrating the principle of wisdom. Subdivisions: 1. The ten virgins; *a* place, Mount of Olives; *b* reference: Matt. xxv. 2. The cunning steward; *a* place, Galilee; *b* reference: Luke xvi. 3. The builder; *a* place, Galilee; *b* references: Matt. vii; Luke vi.

LIV. Group 8. Illustrating the principle of fidelity. Subdivisions: 1. The wedding feast; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference: Luke xii. 2. The wise steward; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference: Luke xii.

LV. Illustrating the principle of validity of contract. Subject: The laborers; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference: Matt. xx.

LVI. Illustrating the principle of preparation. Subject: Marriage of the king's son; *a* place, Mount of Olives; *b* reference: Matt. xxii.

LVII. Illustrating the principle of adaptation. Subject: New cloth and old garment; *a*

place, Capernaum; *b* references: Matt. ix; Mark ii; Luke v.

LVIII. Illustrating unprofitableness. Subject: The barren fig tree; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference: Luke xiii.

LIX. Illustrating the principle of perseverance. Subject: The unjust judge; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference: Luke xviii.

LX. Illustrating the principle of equity and reward. Subject: The rich man and Lazarus; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference: Luke xvi.

LXI. Illustrating the universality of the Gospel call. Subject: The draw net; *a* place, Gennesaret; *b* reference: Matt. xiii.

LXII. Illustrating the principle of humility. Subject: The wedding reception and the dinner party; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference: Luke xiv.

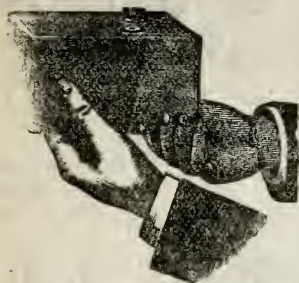
LXIII. Illustrating the force of importunity and Divine beneficence. Subject: The friend calling at midnight; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference: Luke xi.

LXIV. Illustrating superiority of works over words. Subject: The two sons; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference: Matt. xxi.

LXV. Illustrating the principle of restoration. Subjects: 1. The lost sheep. 2. The lost piece of money. 3. The prodigal son; *a* place, Galilee; *b* reference: Luke xv.

LXVI. Illustrating love for others. Subject: The unfruitful fig tree; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference: Luke xiii.

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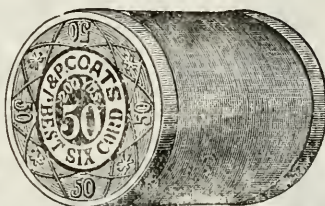
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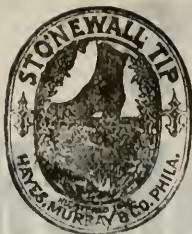
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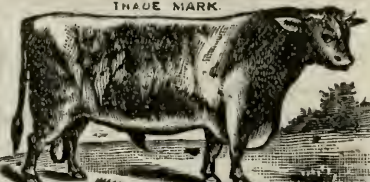
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